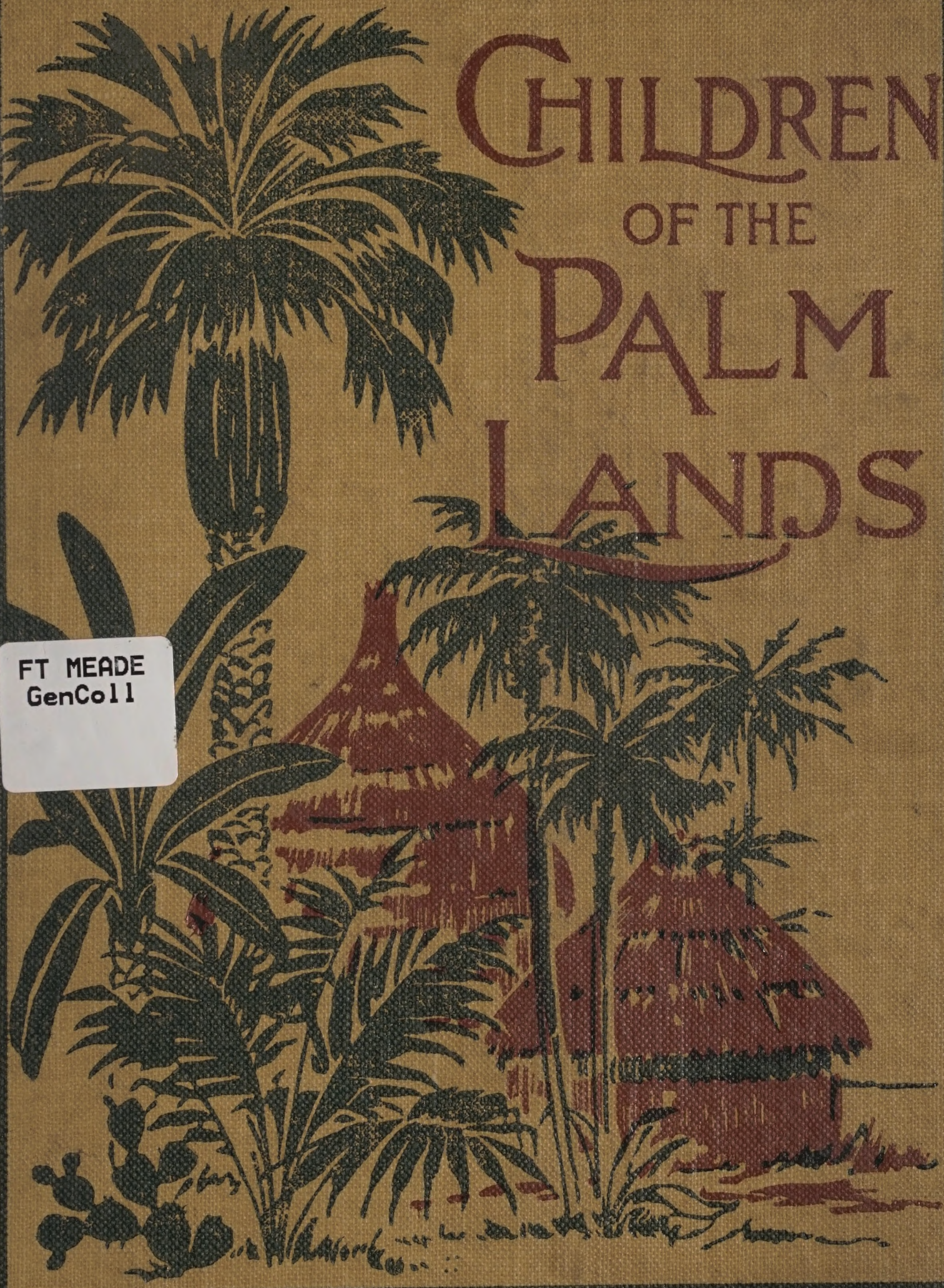


CHILDREN OF THE PALM LANDS

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Children
of the
Palm Lands

LIFE AND PRODUCTS
IN THE
HOT COUNTRIES

BY

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Alice E. Allen

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

BOSTON

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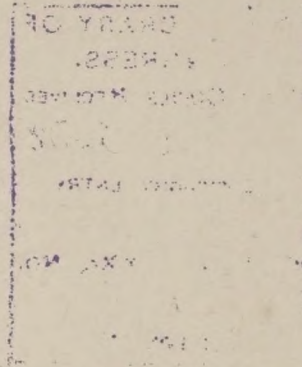
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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE HOT BELT	7
BANANA LAND	23
ALLSPICE AND GINGER	45
TEA	63
A DAY IN COFFEE LAND	79
CHOCOLATE AND COCOA	99
THE LAND OF DATES	115
PEPPER AND NUTMEGS	135
IN JAVA	153
WHERE CINNAMON GROWS	169



CHILDREN OF THE PALM LANDS.

THE HOT BELT.

Let us read to-day about this wonderful Earth upon which we live.

It looks flat to us, but it is not flat. It is really almost as round as the ball we toss and catch in the school-yard.

What a big, big ball our Earth must be. Think of its great mountains and wide valleys and plains and its big lakes and rivers. And think, too, of all the birds and animals and men and women and children who live on it.

If one of our fast trains started to-day and could go straight around our Earth, how long do you suppose it would take it to go all the way around and come back here? It would take less than a month to make the trip.

Now, let us think of a line passing all the way around the Earth from east to west. It is only a "make believe" line, but it has a name. It is called the *equator*, because it divides our Earth into two equal parts.

At noon the great sun is overhead and its bright rays are vertical—that is, they shine straight down upon the Earth. This makes noon the hottest part of the day.

How hot it is in the summer at noon! If we have been playing ball or riding our wheels, we are glad to rest under the trees.

On places near the equator the sun shines almost straight down every day in the whole year, as straight as it shines down upon us at noon-time in the summer.

These vertical rays of the sun make a wide hot belt all around that part of the Earth on each side of the equator.

As we go north and south of this broad hot belt, the sun's rays become more and more slanting and so do not feel as hot.

So we reach cooler and cooler parts of the Earth. On each side of the hot belts are the warm belts. Next to these, on each side, are the cool belts.

And beyond these, are the cold belts where the ice and snow stay all the year long.

We live in the cool belt, where there are



four seasons — spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

The great hot belt, where the vertical rays of the sun always fall, has a warm or hot season all the year, with plenty of rain.

If we lived there, we could never skate nor slide down hill nor play snow-ball, as we can in the Northern States.

We could not make snow-forts nor snow-men. We could never wear mittens nor hoods nor furs. But what fun it would be, you say, to gather apples and strawberries every day in the year.

No, in the hot belt there are no strawberries nor apples, nor peaches nor pears. It is too warm for them to grow. All of these fruits live with us in the cool belt.

Only plants which like the hottest air and the richest soil grow in the hot belt.

These beautiful lands of the hot belt are called the tropics.



A TROPICAL FOREST SCENE.

Let us visit one of these far-off, sunny countries. How big everything is and how bright! And, oh, how hot it is! Hotter than the hottest Fourth of July we have ever known.

Do you see that great green forest?

It seems like one big thick tangle of shrubs and huge ferns. If we could set it down at home our biggest woods would look like little groves beside it.

This is one of the great forests or jungles of India.

Between the mountains and one of the great cities of India there is a railroad which, a part of the way, goes through the jungles.

Let us take a ride on the train through this great dark jungle.

The trees and vines and creeping plants grow so close to the track that we can see only a little way into the woods.

What are those beautiful trees with broad, feathery branches? Those are bamboo trees.

Do you see this great tree which looks as if it had a dozen trunks? That is a banyan

tree. Those great sprouts grow out of its branches and take root in the ground again.



BANYAN TREE.

There are hundreds of banyan trees in these tropical forests. The great trunks grow close together. Tough vines and

creeping plants twist and twine from one trunk to another so that men have to cut their way through with knives and axes.

Listen! What is that deep roar which we can hear above the noise of our train? That is the roar of a hungry lion.

And what are those big, burning eyes, like balls of fire, peering out at us from that dark thicket?

If they were not so big and so fierce they would look like pussie's eyes when she waits to pounce upon a mouse.

Those fierce, fiery eyes belong to a tiger. This great jungle is the home of the lion and the tiger and many other wild animals. Some of them we have seen in a menagerie, but we would not care to meet them out in the woods.

As we leave this great tropical forest,

we see giant trees twenty times as high as our school-room. Their trunks are covered with bright green or soft gray moss. From their branches float beautiful ferns and bright-colored flowers called orchids.

There is a tree-fern. See its round trunk twenty feet high, with the great fern-leaves spreading in a circle around the top.

We pass large flocks of wild peacocks. They spread their great golden, green and blue tails and strut about proudly.

Before we go home, we must take a peep into another tropical forest far away from this one, in the great country of Brazil.

There is a broad river flowing through this forest, so we will take a steamer through a part of it.

We are glad to lie in our pretty ham-

mocks on the deck of the steamer, for it is so hot that we feel almost too lazy to move.

The trees rise like a great wall from the water. Some of them are a hundred feet high. From their branches float long vines as soft and silky as floss.

Many vines and creeping plants wind and twist and twine themselves round and round the great tree-trunks and run across from one trunk to another and tie them all so closely together that we can scarcely peep through.

Look at the trees carefully. Here and there we see one like those we have at home. Tall and dark among the lighter green ones, are the giant palm-trees waving their broad leaves to and fro in the hot air like fans.

What are those great golden flowers

shining against the blue sky? They are the blossoms of that tall tree.

Oh, oh, see the other trees in blossom! See the great branches of blue and white and red flowers high above our heads.

There is a tree whose top makes a bouquet as big as a hay-stack. The blossoms are almost the color of our violets.

There are thousands of monkeys in this forest.

Funny little faces furry,
Through the branches peeping,
Brows a-wrinkle, eyes a-twinkle,
Such a flurry, flurry, flurry,
Such a hurry, hurry, hurry,
Such a scurry, scurry, scurry,
Jolly monkeys all!

What a noise! What is the matter?
Clinging, swinging, leaping,
See them rollick, see them frolic,
Hear their feet go patter, patter,
Such a clatter, clatter, clatter,
Such a chatter, chatter, chatter,
Noisy monkeys all!

Hush! See that pretty white deer half hidden by those bushes. How quickly he bounds away when he hears our boat coming!

What are those bits of bright red and green and blue flashing up there in the branches?

Those are some of the wonderful tropical birds. How big and bright they are!

There is a native parrot. Pretty Poll, pretty Poll, can you talk?

Poll looks very wise and blinks her big, black eyes. But she doesn't answer.

If we could visit other parts of the hot belt, we should see other wonderful tropical birds.

There is one called the lyre-bird. This bird has a great, beautiful tail the shape of a lyre or harp.

There are pheasants, too, with long tails. And there are birds of paradise with yellow and green and black and brown plumage.

Don't you wish we had some of these tropical birds in our forests? But most of them do not sing a note. Would you want to give up our robins and thrushes and bluebirds for these big beauties who never sing?

We would find many other trees, too, and we would be surprised to find how many things which we see and use every day come from the trees of the hot belt.

Beside date-palms and cocoanut-palms, we should see India rubber trees and cork trees and camphor trees and cinnamon trees and clove trees.

But we must not think that all this vast hot belt is covered with forests.

No, indeed! There are big, busy cities and towns and little villages.

There are broad, rich farms, called plantations, where coffee and bananas grow.

If we lived here what a feast of bananas and dates we would have. And when we were thirsty, we would drink the milk out of the big brown cocoanuts.

We could not begin to eat all of the good things ourselves. So, like the little boys and girls who live in the tropics, we would help to send some of the fruits and spices away to the children of the cool belts.

Do little children live in these far-away countries of the hot belt? Indeed they do, and they really help to send us

“Sugar and spice,
And all that’s nice.”



BANANA LAND.

ALL ABOARD FOR BANANA LAND.

(AIR: "Marching Through Georgia.")

Winds are whirring, flags are stirring on this happy
day,
Dashing, flashing, splashing on, our ship flies through
the spray,
Screaming whistles seem to say, "Away, away, away,—
Off for the land of Bananas!"

Away, away, to sunny shores we go,
Away, away, where giant palm-trees grow,
To a lovely, lazy land, with warm winds all a-blow,
Off for the land of Bananas!

We have already visited some parts of
the great hot belt. Do you remember
how hot it was? And do you remember

the great forests and wonderful birds and animals ?

To-day, let us start for an island called Jamaica, where the bananas grow. Jamaica is one of the smallest of the West Indian Islands. We go there on a great ocean steamer.

It is so warm that we are glad to lie all day on deck with awnings stretched above us to keep off the sunshine. We are glad when the great sun goes down and the stars come out in the sky.

Who can tell the name of this part of the earth where the sun's rays are almost vertical every day in the year ?

This is the hot belt. Yes, and it has another name, too. It is called the Torrid Zone, because *torrid* means "hot" and *zone* means "a belt."

What is that long, low line of dark-blue away off there where the water seems to touch the sky? Is it a big, blue cloud?

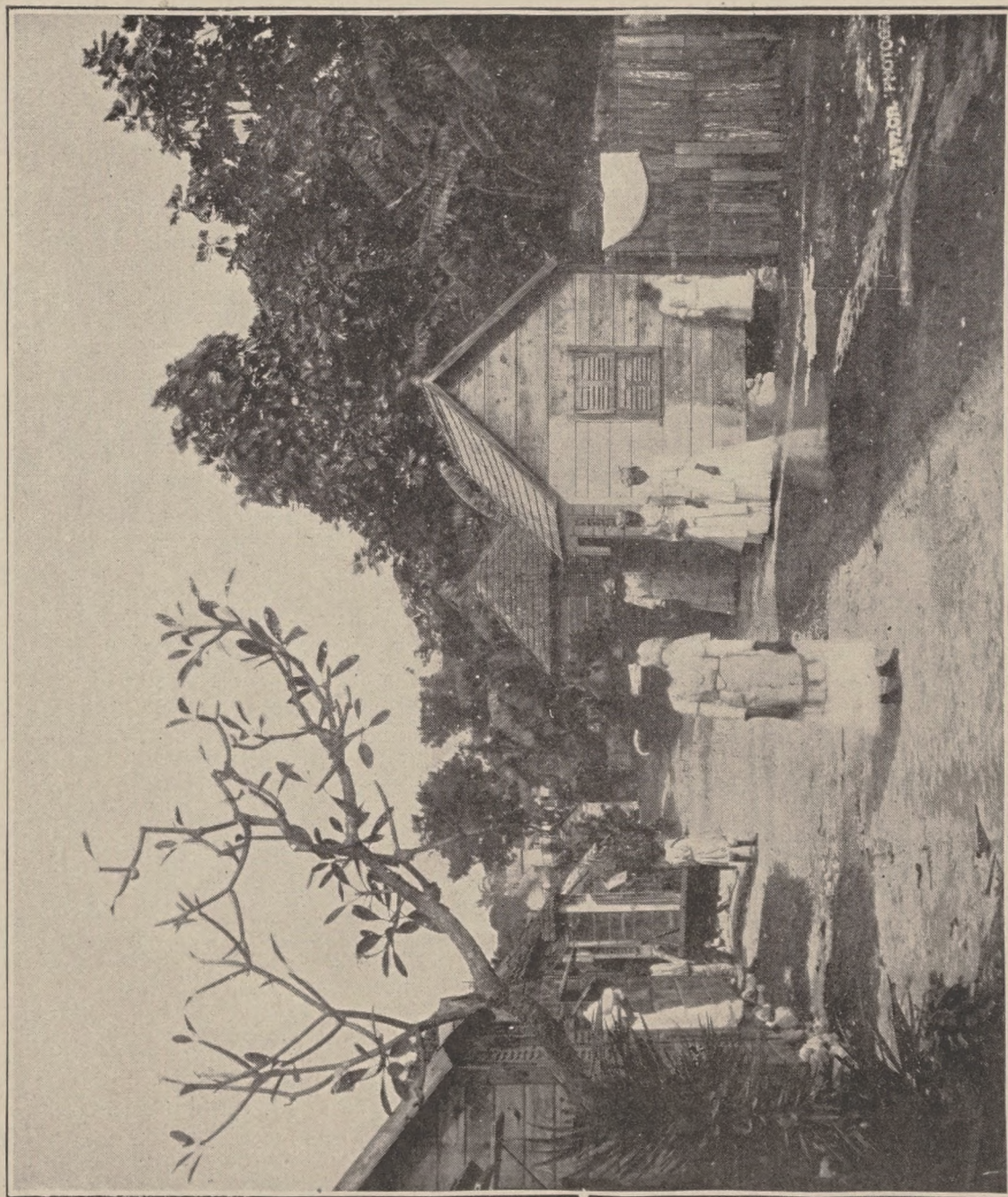
Watch. As we come nearer and nearer to it, we see that what looked like a blue cloud in the sky is really a little spot of green land in the water.

This is the island of Jamaica which we have sailed all these miles to visit.

Two of our own states — California and Florida — are so warm that they produce many bananas. But they cannot begin to supply all the men and women and children, in our big United States, with all the bananas they want to eat.

So, millions and millions of bunches are sent to us every year from many of the countries of the Torrid Zone.

And this small island of Jamaica, lying



A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

here with the blue ocean dashing all around it, sends the United States more bananas in one year than any other country.

Nearer and nearer we come. We see trees with big thick leaves. Now we see a wharf and many stone buildings. This is the city of Kingston, and here we leave our steamer.

Oh, see that donkey! He has a great load of bananas strapped on his back. A



CARRYING BANANAS TO MARKET.

man is driving him down to the dock. A canoe is waiting there to carry the bananas to that steamer bound for the United States.

Do you see that jolly-looking black woman? She has a tray of bananas which she holds on her head. How straight she stands! She wants us to buy some of her fruit.

Soon we leave the city behind. We are driving through the beautiful green country.

There are great fields stretching away on each side of us. We shade our eyes with our hands and oh, oh, oh—what a beautiful tree that is! What can it be? Look, there is another and another and another—hundreds of trees in each field.

They have great trunks with a row of leaves bursting out around the top. The leaves are green and glossy. They unfold slowly something like the large canna leaves on our lawn at home.



A BANANA PLANTATION.

But what big leaves! Why, if one lay on the ground a tall man could lie at full length on it.

Some of the trees are covered with bright flowers. Are they fruit trees?

Yes, for there is a negro coming from one of the trees, carrying a bunch of something on his back. It is so heavy he bends over under the load. He comes nearer and nearer. Why, it is a great bunch of bananas!

Yes, real bananas. And these great trees are banana trees. And we are in banana land at last.

But why do many of the bananas look so green? And how do the men ever reach them? And why do the clusters grow upside down?

Away we run under the trees to find someone to answer all our questions.

Here is a white man talking to one of the negroes. He is the Englishman who owns all this vast banana orchard—plantation, he calls it. He has driven out from

his beautiful home in Kingston to oversee the negroes who work on the plantation.

Bananas are planted in rows about ten feet apart. If we could see a banana plantation, when the plants are first set out, we would not think it looked very thrifty. The plants look like brown clubs sticking out of the ground, and there is only one little spot of green at the top of each one.

But what do you think? That little spot of green is a real little live bud. And very soon it drinks in rain and heat and light and begins to grow.

It swells and swells, and in a short while shakes itself into a little crown of leaves for the tiny plant. You would enjoy watching these leaves unroll themselves. Sometimes, along comes a big storm of

wind which tears them all into tatters. Then the plant looks almost as if it had a crown of green feathers.

By and by, from out these leaves, peeps a cluster of wee, pink blossoms. The little flowers grow in circles round and round the stem. After a while, these bright petals drop off, and spread a pretty pink carpet under the trees.

What do these banana blossoms leave behind them in the tree when they fall? What is it that those great, broad leaves are hiding so carefully from the hot sun?

If you could peep into that cool leaf-cradle you would see a cluster of the tiniest, hardest baby-bananas, each one wrapped up in a little brown husk.

You would see that the little bananas grow in circles round and round the stem

just as the pink flowers did. You would see, too, that they curl back from the stem and grow upward. That is because the bananas still reach their flower-ends up toward the big bright sun.

So they do not really grow "upside down," after all. It is only because we have always seen them hanging the other way in the fruit stores at home, that they looked "upside down" to us here.

When the bananas grow a little larger, the husk peels off very slowly, each day letting in a little more warmth, until at last the banana is stronger and can bear the full heat of the great tropic sun.

Then the little husks shrivel up and fall off. And the sun and the wind and the rain take care of the bananas and they grow bigger and riper and sweeter every day.

In ten months the bananas are ripe enough to be picked. Think of it! In ten months, while you are going through one year of school, that small plant has grown into a tall tree with big, broad leaves, and has borne a great bunch of ripe yellow bananas.

The planter brings an axe. He cuts a deep gash in the trunk of the tree. Down it bends with its sweet, heavy weight of fruit. That tree will bear no more fruit. In its place will be set out one of the strongest of the little plants which have grown up around it, from its roots.

Some of the great bunches of bananas are hung up in the shade until they are ripe enough to use. For bananas ripen best in the shade.

Most of the bananas are sent, while they

are still green, to the city, where they are loaded on the great steamers which carry them to the cool countries.

The planter calls the rows of bananas on the stem "hands," and each banana a "finger." Can you think why?

What a funny little house some one has built here under the trees. Perhaps it is only a play-house. It is nothing but a hut covered all over the outside with big banana leaves.

Does someone really live in that little cottage? Hark, I am sure I heard some one laugh. Oh, oh, just peep around the trunk of that big tree and see those funny little children.

I can see four of them. The jolliest, plumpest, little things—it makes me laugh just to see them smile. They wear

no clothes. They have big, bright eyes, and the woolliest heads and roundest faces you ever saw. And heads and face and eyes are black—all so black, you can't tell which is blackest.

They are eating their dinner of fruit and bread with no butter on it. And they drink something that looks like milk out of queer little round cups.

A real live baby is lying there in the pink banana blossoms. He has crinkly black curls all over his little round head, and his eyes fairly dance with fun.

He lies flat on his little back, and kicks his two fat feet and his ten black toes and reaches up his dimpled hands to catch the sunshine just as our little pink and white babies do at home.

One of the girls sees us now. She

smiles shyly, and shows two rows of pearly white teeth.

See, she is holding out some ripe bananas toward us. And one of the boys brings us some of the sweetest milk we have ever tasted. It is cocoanut milk and the little cups we drink from are made out of big, brown cocoanuts.

They have jolly times playing in the pink banana blossoms. They run and jump in them just as we do in the big piles of leaves in the fall.

They pelt each other with them. This is the only snow-balling they can ever have here, for never a flake of snow falls in banana land.

By and by, when they grow older, they will help their father and mother in the fields of cotton and coffee and sugar-cane,



IN THE SUGAR-CANE FIELDS.

which grow near by. And they will go to school in a little school-house something like our own. They will learn to read and write and spell, just as we do.

When the teacher tells them about an apple — a red apple — she will show them pictures of our apple-blossoms and apple-trees and apples, and tell them all she can about how they grow, and are gathered in the fall. For these little children have never seen apples.

They would enjoy a trip to our apple-orchards quite as much as we do this visit to banana land.

I'm sure I don't know what these little children would do without their banana tree.

Its broad, green leaves are almost the first thing they see. For, when they are

little like their black baby, they lie out of doors all day, and roll in the leaves instead of in a cradle.

The leaves not only shade them from the heat, but they make the walls and roofs of their little homes. And they are woven, too, into rugs and mats to lie and sit upon.

A part of the tough bark of the banana tree is made into cloth. And when the days grow a little cooler the children will wear at night scanty clothing made of this cloth.

Then the banana tree gives them nearly all of their food. They not only eat bananas as we do, but — did you ever eat boiled bananas? Or roasted bananas? And does your mamma make banana bread?

All of these foods the little black children like to eat. But they never heard, I am sure, of banana-cake and banana-fritters and banana ice-cream.

Oh, here comes the children's mother. She has been away all day, helping their father in the sugar-cane. She has black, kinky hair, like the children's. Her broad, dark face is so kind that we do not wonder that the children are glad to see her. How they all cluster about her.

She rolls her baby in her strong arms, and he cuddles down and crows away to himself while she croons softly.

Her voice is low and sweet. Perhaps this is what she sings :

A great red sun in a hot blue sky,
Heigh-O, Baby-mine,
A lazy breeze in the palm-trees high,

Heigh-O, Baby-mine.

Banana blossoms wake, warm and pink,
Two black eyes open and wink and blink
And then comes a little laugh, I think,
Heigh-O, Baby-mine.

A yellow moon in a still night sky,
Bye-lo, Baby-mine,
A sleepy breeze a-stealing by,
Bye-lo, Baby-mine.

The little waves they leap and creep,
On ocean's breast they fall asleep,
Black baby dreams in his cradle deep,
Bye-lo, Baby-mine.

Good night, little black baby. Sleep
well in your little swinging hammock
under the big bright stars of banana land.



A TROPICAL SCENE,

ALLSPICE AND GINGER.

On our last journey we visited Jamaica, one of the lovely, lazy lands of the great hot belt. We saw the jolly black baby cooing and crowing in the hot sunshine. We saw his pretty leaf-covered home under the tall banana trees.

The little tropical island of Jamaica sends us many good things besides bananas. Let us take a long drive through the country, to-day, with our eyes wide open. We shall see many new, strange plants.

We drive between broad fields of coffee, cotton and sugar-cane. We pass fields of tobacco and maize and sweet potatoes.

We see great orchards of figs and dates

and oranges and pine-apples and pomegranates. We pause under the shade of the beautiful orange trees, and eat all we want of the juicy, delicious fruit.

Now we go on, leaving the fruit and farm lands. Our road winds in and out among the great ferns and creepers and giant trees of a dark forest.

Over there are some mahogany trees. They have broad branches and shining, feathery leaves. The wood of the mahogany tree is dark, rich brown. It is very hard and beautifully veined.

These tall trees close to us are rosewood. Rosewood, when first cut, sometimes has a faint, sweet odor like dried rose-leaves.

What are those tall trees over there on that sunny slope? They reach up, up, up,

toward the burning blue sky. Their spreading branches are covered with shining green leaves.

Oh, oh, there are great pieces of cloth spread under the trees. And see the crowd of black people—men, women and children! Are they having a picnic?

As we come nearer, we see showers of round green berries dashing down from the trees. There are men up in the trees stripping these tiny berries from the twigs. The men and women and children below are gathering the berries and putting them into bags.

As we stop under the trees, one of the children brings us a handful of the berries. They have a spicy smell, but they are green and hard. What can they be used for?

Little black Dinah laughs and shows all her pretty white teeth, when we ask her.



ALLSPICE.

“They are allspice berries,” she says in her sweet, lazy little drawl.

The planter comes up. He smiles when

he sees us taste the berries. "They are not ripe yet," he says.

Then he tells us all about allspice — "pimento," he calls it.

Nearly every planter in Jamaica has what he calls his pimento walk. A pimento walk is a grove of allspice trees.

First, the planter chooses a woodland where the pimento trees grow wild. This woodland is usually on the side of a hill. He cuts down all other plants, and soon the new pimento-shoots spring up among the old trees.

Three years after the little pimento plants appear they bear their first crop of berries.

The planter watches these berries very carefully. They must be gathered at just

such a time or they will not make good spice.

They must be picked when they have grown to their full size, but before they are ripe. If they are left on the trees until they are fully ripe, they are of a dark purple color. They are then sweet and soft.

The birds like them then, but a spice made from them would not have the sharp taste of allspice.

Such gay times as the little black children have while the allspice berries are being gathered. They have almost as much fun as we do when we go nutting.

The berries tumble down all around them. Patter, patter, clatter, clatter, on little black fingers and bare toes and woolly heads alike.

The children laugh and scream. They dodge and catch them. They pick them up by handfuls to help fill the big bags.

One man in the tree above, can send down enough berries to keep three swift pickers busy gathering them up. One good picker can gather about a bushel of berries a day.

When the bags are full they are taken home. All the little leaves which have clung to the berries must be taken away. Then the berries are spread out on board floors in the sun to dry.

Soon the berries lose their bright green color. They grow darker and darker until they are of a deep reddish-brown. They are now so dry that when they are turned their tiny seeds rattle about inside them.

Now they are ready to be packed and



sent to the northern countries. There they will be ground into the fine, brown powder that we know so well as allspice.

Allspice was first brought to Europe by the Spanish, soon after Columbus discovered the West India Islands. They called it "Sweet scented Jamaica pepper."

It was called "Allspice" because people thought it tasted of all the spices.

We would like to stay all day in the sweet-scented pimento walk, but there is much else to see and to learn in this wonderful little island of Jamaica. We must learn about the ginger here.

A GINGER FIELD.

Is there any one who does not like ginger cookies, ginger snaps, and gingerbread? The very thought of the crisp,

crusty loaves of gingerbread which we have at home, makes us hungry. We can almost smell it.

What is there in gingerbread which gives it a smell so sweet and spicy that our mouths fairly water to taste it?

It isn't the flour nor the eggs nor the molasses nor the milk nor the butter, although they all help to make it good. No, it is the bit of ginger which mother puts in so carefully.

And in a field, like that large one on our right, that bit of yellowish-brown ginger began to grow.

What queer, clumsy-looking plants! There is a stalk in the center, with leaves growing out on each side of it. The leaves are about five inches long and one inch wide. They taper to a point.

On each side of the stalk, growing up from the roots of the plant, are slender



GINGER.

stems which end in queer, oblong spikes. These spikes are covered with scales.

Between these scales, little flowers peep out at us. They have long narrow petals

of a dark blue color. Some, that have been open longer, are red.

We break off some of these odd little flowers. We can almost smell the kitchen at home on baking day. This sweet, spicy odor of ginger comes partly from the blossom itself, and partly from the broken stem.

But our ginger doesn't come from the stalk, nor the flower, nor the fruit, of the ginger plant. In a little while, the flowers will fade and the plant will begin to dry down to the ground.

If we could see this field in four months from now, we would see only dead stalks and dried leaves. And we would see many negroes digging up the roots. For it is the root of the ginger-plant which makes our ginger.

After the roots are dug, boiling water is poured over them to keep them from sprouting. Two kinds of ginger are made from these roots.

Some of them are dried in the sun until they are dark and wrinkled. Then they are ground into a yellowish-brown powder which is called black ginger.

The best of these roots, after they are scalded, are scraped until the dark, outside coat is taken off. When these roots are ground, they make a soft, smooth, creamy-white powder, called white ginger.

Both black and white ginger are used by the people of the United States.

Did you ever eat any of that delicious sweetmeat called preserved ginger? It comes to us in small earthen jars, blue

and white. They are covered with a network of cord to keep the jars from breaking on the way to us.

This ginger sweetmeat is made from the tender, juicy roots of the young ginger-plant. They are plunged first into boiling and then into cold water.

Then they are peeled, scraped, and placed in jars. A thick, rich syrup is poured over them. After this syrup dries on them, another still richer is poured on and left to harden as before.

Sometimes these roots are cut into pieces about the size of peppermint drops. Then they are covered all over the outside with sugar. They look and taste a little like the sugared sweet-flag which we can buy at the candy shops.

There is an extract made from the gin-

ger-root, called Jamaica ginger, which is much used as a medicine.

Large pieces of forest-land are burned every year in Jamaica to make room for the ginger-fields. The soil, itself, is then burned to take from it all the seeds and roots of other plants.

Then the pieces of ginger-root are set out. Each one of these pieces has an eye from which the new sprout will grow.

These roots look something like our sweet-flag and iris roots. They are set about a foot apart and are covered with a few inches of the rich soil.

In about a year from the time they are set out the ginger-roots are ready to be dug.

Ginger was brought to England by the

Dutch over four hundred years ago. People used to believe that it would make the sight keen and the memory good. One man tried rubbing some of the "spicy-root" in the corner of his eye, so that he might see better. He soon found his mistake.

Gingerbread has been eaten in all countries. It was put up in fancy gilt paper, and sold at fairs. The children bought and ate this "gilt gingerbread" as we do pop-corn and peanuts.

Ginger grows in many tropical countries, but the finest comes to us from Jamaica.

When we eat our pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving Day, we will remember how the allspice and ginger, which help to make it so delicious, grew in far-off Jamaica. And we will smile as we think

of our woolly-headed little brothers and sisters far away, who helped to furnish our Thanksgiving dinner.

GINGERBREAD SONG.

(AIR: "Auld Lang Syne.")

Let others take rich raisin-cake,
Or cake with jelly red,
Or sponge, or spice, give *me* a slice
Of luscious gingerbread.

Chorus.

So, here's a song for gingerbread,
For good old gingerbread,
So sweet and nice, so warm with spice,
Three cheers for gingerbread.

There's angel's food, and pound-cake
good,

And cake with chocolate spread,
But rich and light, and browned just
right,

Give *me* warm gingerbread.

Chorus.



TEA.



TEA.

You droll little Japs, on our parasols gay,
On fan and on lantern, on tea-cup and tray,
Just step down among us, now, one, two, and three;
And make us a cup of your own fragrant tea.
Just leave off your bowing, you quaint little Japs —
You dear little ladies and queer little chaps —
With slim yellow fingers, as quick as can be,
Please pour us a cup of your own steaming tea.

To-day, let us visit Suzuki in her home
far away in Japan.

When she comes clattering on her

wooden shoes to meet us, she looks so much like her picture, that we almost think at first, that she *has* just stepped out from the folds of a big Japanese parasol.

She has yellow skin, a pretty mouth with white, even teeth, black eyes, set criss-cross in her little face, and dark hair done up high on her head.

She wears a long blue gown fastened at the neck, and falling to her feet. It lies in pretty folds across her breast. A broad blue sash, tied in a big bow in back, holds it in place.

We hold out our hands to greet her, but she smiles and shakes her head. Then she falls down, spreads out her tiny hands, and bows her little head down to the ground.

This is Suzuki's way of saying, "How do you do? Will you come in?"

What a pretty little home Suzuki has! It has a flat, gray roof, held up by bamboo posts. The walls of the house are all of thick white paper. There are no doors and no windows. The walls themselves slide in and out.

Before Suzuki goes into the house, she takes off her shoes. They are only wooden soles, with straps to keep them on. We take off our shoes, too, and go into the house in our stocking feet.

How clean everything is! The walls of the rooms are all of white paper. There are white rugs on the floor. There are no chairs, but pretty cushions lie scattered about.

The wall is pushed back, so that we can peep into the next room. We can see a tiny table, and a small box lined with

brass. These boxes are the only stoves the Japs have. Japan lies in the cool belt, and they sometimes have fires.

Suzuki's mother and little brothers and sisters all greet us just as Suzuki did. The little mother is dressed like her children and is not much taller than Suzuki herself.

Before we eat supper, we take a bath. The Japs are very neat. Every one has, at least, one hot bath a day.

Suzuki's father comes in to supper. He is dressed almost like the rest of his family. But he wears no sash.

At supper each one has a tiny table all to himself. We feel almost as if we were eating at a doll's tea-party.

First, we have some cakes and candies, served with sweet wine. Then a soup

made of beans. With this, some raw fish, cut in slices and covered with a sour sauce, pickles and salad.



Last of all, we have rice and tea. The rice is passed to us, many times, in a big bowl, about the size of a peck-measure. We try to eat some with chop-sticks. This is about as easy as it would be to use two slate-pencils, holding them at the ends.

The tea is served in dainty cups about as large as our after-dinner coffee-cups at home.



Other People's Games.—China and Japan.

After supper, Suzuki shows us some of her pretty toys. She tells us in her queer little way about her dolls.

Every year, on the third of March, all over Japan is held a "Feast of Dolls." Then the little girls play with dolls that have been in their families for years and years. Suzuki has some which belonged to her great, *great*, GREAT grandmother when she was a little girl.

Some of the dolls are beautifully dressed like the Emperor and Empress of Japan. Then, there are little ladies and gentlemen, dressed in rich silks. There are boy-dolls and girl-dolls and baby-dolls.

The little girls dress the dolls. Suzuki and her little sisters dressed over a hundred last year. The dolls are given a feast of tea and rice.

When the "Feast of the Dolls" is over, the dolls are all put away in boxes until the next year.

Of course, the Japanese boys do not care for dolls. Their good time comes on the fifth of May, which is called Flag Day.

Then the boys are given flags, kites, toy fishes, and toy soldiers in uniform, with tents and arrows and spears. Nowhere in all the world do the children have a jollier time than they do in Japan.

By and by, the lamps are lighted. Do you know where the oil comes from? From our own United States far away over the broad ocean.

We go to bed early. Our bed is made of quilts piled up on the floor. There are no sheets. Our pillows are blocks of

wood, with paper over one end. This end fits into the back of the neck.

The next morning we go to school with



Suzuki. It is a rainy day. Suzuki puts little blocks of wood under the heels of her shoes. So she is about three inches taller when it rains than she is when the sun

shines. She tucks up her skirt and carries a paper umbrella.

Some of the children we meet wear funny rain-coats of rice-straw.

In the school-house we find the children waiting for their teacher. We can hear him coming—clatter—clatter—on his stiff shoes. Here he is, wearing a long, dark gown and spectacles.

All the little Japs fall down on the floor and bow low to him as he comes in. Then they all squat down on mats and study with their books in their laps.

There is a little class learning the “A, B, C’s.” What funny “A, B, C’s”! They look something like the letters we’ve seen in a Chinese laundry. And there are forty-seven of them. We think twenty-six are more than enough. Poor little Japs!

What is Suzuki doing? She has some soft paper, a little cake of ink, a stone, called an ink-stone, and a tiny brush.

She puts a few drops of water on the stone. Then she rubs the cake of ink on it. She dips in her brush and makes black marks on her paper.

Is she painting a picture? No, she is writing. She begins at the right side of her page and writes the lines from top to bottom. She holds her hand vertically, and never touches the paper with her fingers.

Some of the children are counting with little wooden buttons strung on wires. They are learning to add, subtract, multiply and divide.

Outdoors we see, here and there, fields of wheat and barley, and cotton and tobacco.

Let us visit the tea-fields, or tea-gardens, and see how tea looks when it is growing.

The tea-plants are set out in hedges which run from one side of the field to the other. These hedges are about two feet wide and from three to five feet high.

Tea-leaves are a beautiful bright green. They look something like our rose-leaves.

Each girl carries a basket. Watch her as she gathers the tea-leaves. She picks them from the bushes, one by one. She chooses only the brightest and freshest.

When her basket is full, she will carry it home on her head. If we went home with her we would see her still busy with the tea-leaves.

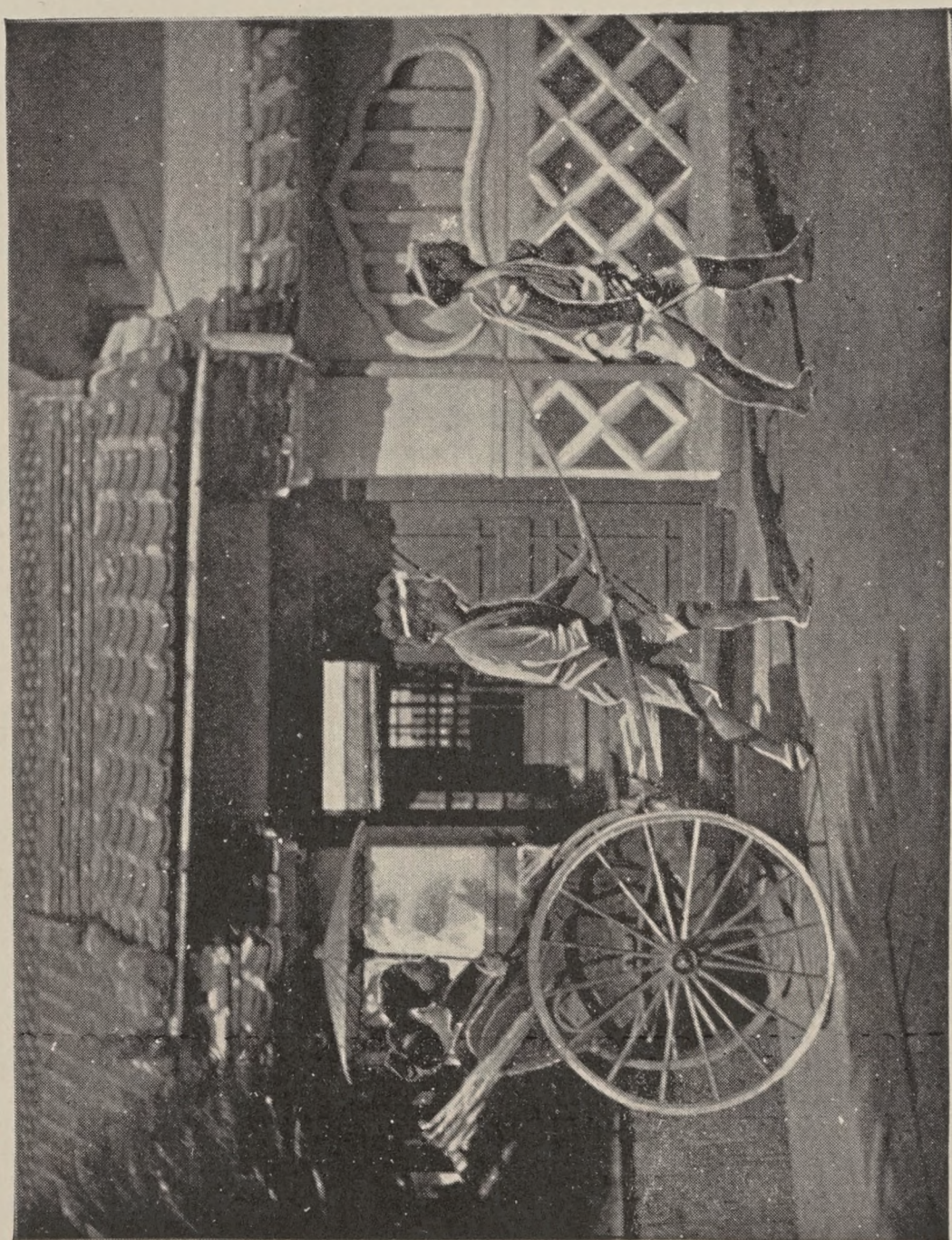
First, she helps to spread them out in the sun. After they are dried, they are steamed and dried again. Then she helps

to pack them in boxes. But they are not yet ready for use. They are sent from here to the big factories in the city not far away.

When we reach the city, we are greeted by a crowd of about fifty little men. They all wear blue tights and short over-skirts. They shout and scream at the top of their lungs. What is the matter? What *do* they say?

“Jin-rik-i-sha! Jin-rik-i-sha!” This is the name of the queer carriages they are pointing to. Oh, these little men are the cab-drivers of Japan!

We get into the funny cabs. Each one will hold two of us. They look like big baby-carts, with two high, slim wheels. The shafts are joined by a bar in front. But where are the horses?



Why, the men themselves are getting into the shafts! They draw the jin-rik-i-shas. Oh, this is the funniest ride we ever had! Our horses are very fleet and sure-footed.

There are some children in a jin-rik-i-sha. It has a purple velvet lining and is painted on the outside with chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums are everywhere -- in gardens and parks and booths. Our Christmas blossom is the favorite flower of the Japanese. Once a year they hold a great "Feast of Chrysanthemums." They call their country the "Land of the Chrysanthemums."

It would take weeks to see all the pretty and curious sights of Japan. But we hurry on down toward the wharves.

Here are some of the big tea factories.

We see men unpacking boxes of tea just come from the tea-gardens.

The leaves are put into big iron bowls which are set in large ovens. There they are rubbed and rubbed by men and women until they are fully dried.

We watch men sorting and packing this tea. We see others loading big boxes of it on to the great ocean steamers, bound for the United States and England.

Just think of all the drying and rub-a-dub-dubbing the bright little tea-leaves must go through before they become the tiny hard twisted things which we buy in our stores.

Just think, too, of all the busy, bright-faced little Japs whose nimble fingers help to make for us,

“A cup of their own fragrant tea.”

A DAY IN COFFEE LAND.

COFFEE CHORUS.

(AIR: "Dixie Land.")

Oh, join us little sons and
daughters,
In a sail across the waters,
All aboard, all aboard,
All aboard for Coffee
Land!

Chorus.

Then, for the Land of
Coffee—

Aboard, aboard;
With cheery chink and
jolly clink,
We'll drink your health in
coffee.

Aboard, aboard,
For the bright Land of
Coffee!



During our first visit to the great hot
belt, we sailed through the large country
of Brazil.



IN THE COFFEE COUNTRY.

Do you remember the broad river up which we sailed? Do you remember the giant trees with their big bunches of bright blossoms?

Oh, yes, and the pretty purple and green parrots flashing in the dark branches. And the saucy monkeys that grinned and threw nuts at us when we sailed close to the shore.

To-day, we will visit another part of this wonderful country of Brazil. Brazil is the great coffee country of the world. And since we have seen the green tea-gardens of far-away Japan, we have been wondering where and how coffee grows.

Little Beppo could tell us all about it, if he could only speak English. Beppo is very busy this morning. He is scooping out round holes in the rich earth.

Into each of these holes he puts a small green plant about twelve inches high. Over this he lays sticks or leaves, so that the great tropic sun cannot shine directly upon it.

What a funny face Beppo has! It is as red as a berry. Great black eyes look out at us from under the big brim of an old straw hat. Two little locks of straight hair have fallen over his forehead. They are of a queer rusty red color, and so are his hands.

Beppo is doing very warm work for so warm a day. He pushes back his hat and wipes off his hot little forehead with the sleeve of his loose shirt.

Why, the red color has all come off. His skin is clear and dark, and his hair is as black as his eyes. It was only the fine

red dust, which fills all the air and settles thickly upon everything, which makes his face and hands and hair red.

It is in this rich red soil of Brazil that some of the best coffee grows. And these small green plants which Beppo is setting out, are tiny coffee-bushes.

Beppo is a little Italian boy. Only two years ago, he came with his father and mother from their sunny home in Italy to settle in Brazil and help make ready the coffee for us to drink.

The coffee plantation upon which Beppo's father and mother work, is one of the largest in the world. It has five million coffee trees growing upon it. If we should start out now and walk all day long, we could not walk around the outside of it before dark.



PICKING COFFEE BERRIES.

We have been so busy watching Beppo's dusty little face and great dark eyes that we have scarcely looked around us. But as we do so, we see that there are fields and fields of green bushes on all sides of us.

The coffee plantation looks like a great green map with red lines running criss-cross over it. The green is the green of the coffee-bushes. The red is the red dust of the roads which run between and across the great fields.

Suddenly, far away, we see a cloud of black smoke. It comes nearer and nearer. Then we hear a shrill whistle. And whizzing away across the plantation, rushes a small steam-engine. Oh, there goes another and another! Is there a railroad in this great coffee country?

Yes, the fields of coffee are so large and so far apart that the coffee berries are hauled from them to the factories by these tiny engines.

How do you suppose we make our visits to the different parts of this big plantation? Why, carried along by some of these same noisy engines.

We see coffee-plants of all sizes. Some fields are filled with little shrubs, just sticking their heads out of the red earth. Some are a thick mass of bright dark green bushes. And in others, tall coffee trees spread their broad branches above our heads.

Men and women and children are at work everywhere. There are hundreds of busy hands picking the coffee-berries which hang, red and ripe, on trees and bushes.

Is it so much work, then, to prepare coffee? Let us see just what must be done before it is ready to be served, hot and fragrant, on our dinner tables at home.

First of all we must visit the seed-beds, or nurseries, where the coffee-seeds, or coffee-beans, are planted.

After the coffee-plants are set out in the field, they must be carefully hoed and tended. In about four years the little shrub has grown into a good-sized bush, and is ready to bear its first crop of coffee.

Out from its shining dark green leaves peep clusters of beautiful, star-shaped blossoms. Some of them are white as snow. Others are pale pink or deep rose-color, like the inside of a sea-shell.

As its delicate petals slowly unfold, there comes from the heart of the coffee

blossom, a faint, sweet smell, something like that of the jasmine flower.

When these blossoms fade and drop, they leave behind them a small, round berry. When ripe, this berry is deep red, like a holly-berry.

The coffee-bushes were beautiful when they were covered with their pretty pink and white blossoms. But they are more beautiful, now, with the rich crimson of the ripe berries gleaming against their dark, shining leaves.

We pick some of these coffee-berries which hang just over our heads, and taste them. They have a soft, juicy pulp, like a cherry. They are sweet and not unpleasant, although they do not taste like coffee.

Inside the berry we find twin seeds, flat on one side and rounded on the other,

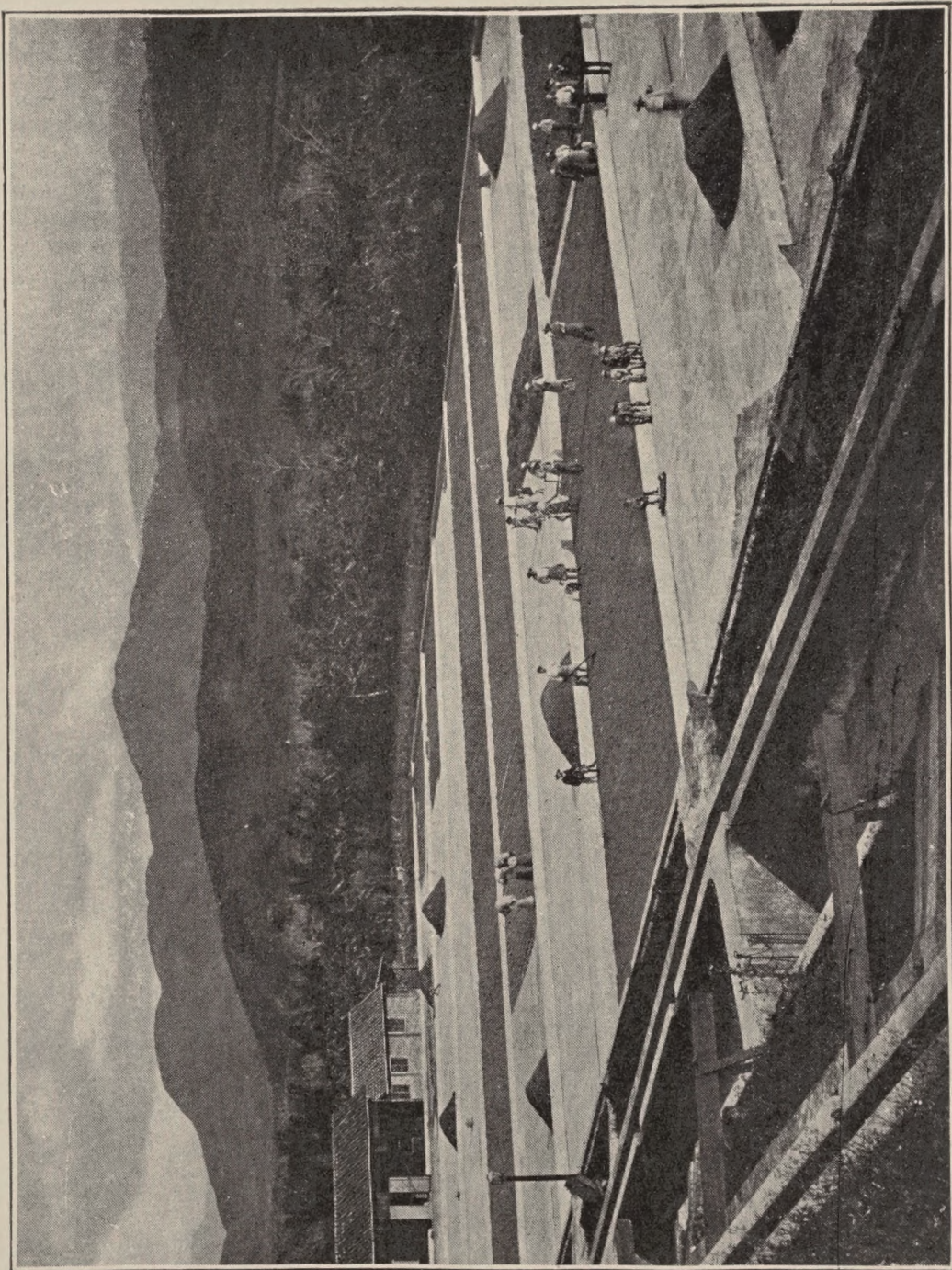
lying with their smooth faces close together.

And it is because of these little seeds, or beans, inside the coffee-berry, that all these men and women and children are so busy. For these same odd-shaped little beans are what will make for us, by and by, our cups of golden-brown coffee.

After the ripe berries are gathered into the great baskets, which the men and women carry, they are hauled from the fields, by the little engines, to the great wooden factories which we noticed on our way here.

Puff, puff, puff—down the hill and away we go, with a big load of ripe, juicy coffee-berries.

Once inside one of the big buildings, we hear machines of many kinds, humming



DRYING THE COFFEE BERRIES.

and whizzing about us. We see broad floors, as big as some of our meadows at home, paved with cement. On these smooth floors, millions of coffee-beans are drying.

But before the seeds can be dried, they must be taken from the berries. We watch while the fresh berries, which came with us from the fields, are poured into a great hopper. We see them run through queer machines which mash the pulp but do not hurt the seeds.

Then this soft mush of pulp and seeds is carried over a long copper cylinder. This cylinder is punched full of holes just big enough for the beans to drop through.

Down, down they go, floating through a kind of canal to a great vat.

Such a scrubbing as these little beans



SORTING COFFEE BERRIES.

have next. When they are taken from the water they are as white as snow. This shining white coat of the coffee-bean is called its parchment-skin.

Wearing their close-fitting, clean little coats, the tiny beans all go together to one of the great drying-floors. There they must lie for a long time in the hot sun.

Each little bean wears, under its parchment-coat, a second brighter one, called its silver-skin. After the beans are dry as dry can be, both these coats must be taken off.

This is done by a big machine which breaks open the skins, and by a fanning machine which blows them all away. When both their pretty coats have been taken off, the little beans are no longer bright and shining, but of a dull green color.

When next we see these busy coffee-beans, they are in great sieves, in which are holes of different sizes. The big beans drop through the big holes, the middle-sized beans run through the middle-sized holes, and the little, wee beans slip through the little, wee holes.

Then those of the same size are all gathered up together, and away they go—rattle—rattle—rattle—down pipes into big bags.

The coffee-bean's country life is now over. Packed in these great bags, they are sent away to one of the cities of Brazil.

We must now say good-bye to Beppo and take a long railroad trip to the busy, bustling city of Rio Janeiro. Why do you suppose some of our finest coffee is called Rio coffee?

We never saw so many peddlers as there are here. Fish and fruit are sold from house to house. What has that queer-looking man hanging over his shoulder? Why, strings and strings of onions, all braided together. The cooks in Rio Janeiro buy their onions by the yard. Think of it!

Where does all that cackling and hissing come from? Oh, see that fat negro woman, wearing a bright yellow turban! She is carrying a crate of chickens and geese on her woolly head. She sells live fowls from door to door.

Strong negroes carry heavy bags of coffee on their heads as if they were filled with feathers. They pile them up on the sidewalks or on the floors of the big factories. They empty out coffee, they

shovel up coffee, they fill and re-fill the great bags.

One big bag has broken open, and a stream of green coffee-beans rattles down into the gutter. Down after them jumps a little negro girl. She gathers up all she can in the skirt of her red dress, and then away she runs for home, all her kinky curls bobbing up and down. She will wash the beans and sell them in the city market.

From the wharf, steam cranes are lifting the strong sacks of coffee-beans to the great ocean-steamers lying in the harbor.

Many of them are going to New York and Boston. The people of the United States drink more coffee than the people of any other nation.

Not many years ago, people bought the

green coffee-beans, browning them in the oven at home, and grinding them in small coffee-mills -- a little at a time -- just enough for breakfast, perhaps.

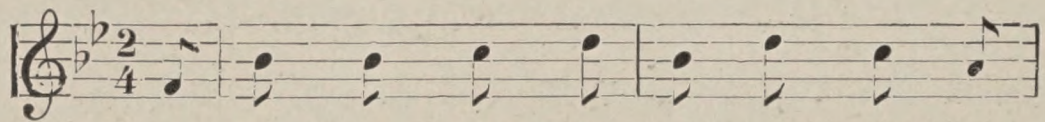
Now all that browning and grinding is done for us, and when our coffee comes to us, it is the fragrant tiny bits all know so well.

So all we have to do is to steep it, add sugar and cream just to suit our tastes -- and drink it. But let us remember

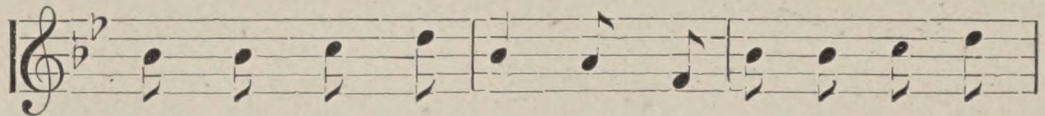
Balmy breath of coffee-flowers,
Sweets from berries in bright bowers,
Spicy warmth of seeds are ours --
When we drink our coffee!

CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

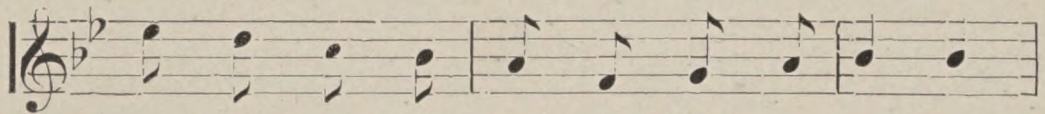
SONG.



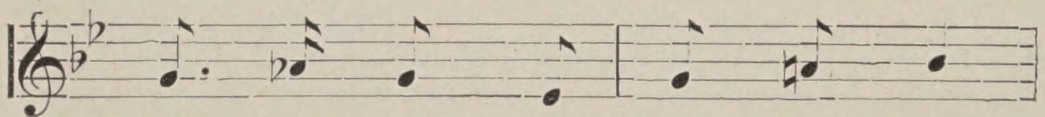
Oh, lit - tle men and maidens all, From



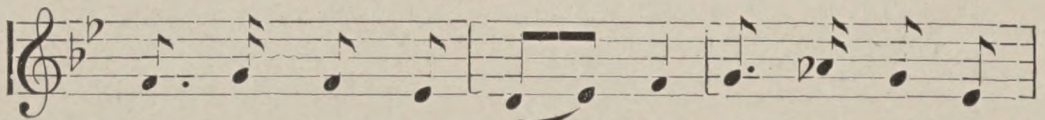
Maine to Min - ne - so - ta, We've pass'd you tea in



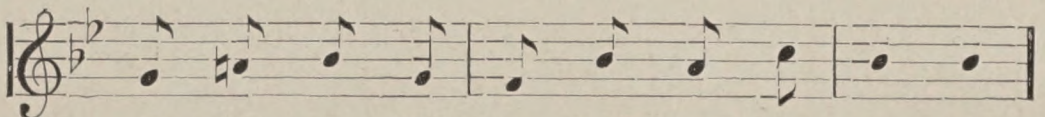
tea - cups small, From far - a - way Ki - o - to.



We have served hot cof - fee, too,—



Ri - o,— Ja - va— Mo - cha— And to-day, we



of - fer you Choc - o - late and co - co - a.



CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

Far away in the great chocolate country of South America, lives little Winona.

Although Winona has lived all her life where chocolate and cocoa grow, she has never tasted a chocolate cream nor a chocolate caramel.

She has never been to a candy-pull and stretched and twisted crisp, brown sticks of chocolate taffy. She has never sniffed the sweet odor of steaming chocolate, and never smacked her lips over its delicious taste — poor little Winona !

This little Indian girl knows nothing of chocolate and cocoa. But she knows many things about cacao — and it is from cacao that chocolate and cocoa are made.

Winona is always happy. What little girl wouldn't be with a dear home under the lemon trees and a cosy little hammock to sleep in at night ? With great, golden oranges, big, ripe bananas, and large, luscious pineapples just waiting on the trees for her to pick and eat ?

Winona loves the great, bright out-of-door world with its wonderful treasures of

pure air, warm sunshine, and broad, blue skies.

She makes friends of the trees and blossoms and for every one she has a queer little name.

But Winona isn't thinking of any of these things this morning. She doesn't feel the saucy sunbeams burning her bare, brown feet, and peeping at her face under the coarse straw hat.

She doesn't even see the big bright butterfly which has just poised on her shoulder.

In and out under the tall cacao-trees she darts, as quick and light as a little bird. She is thinking that in just three days more, the cacao will all be gathered. When it is dried—she gives a happy little hop when she remembers—she and

Cherokee will take it to the city and sell it.

With some of the money, which her slim brown fingers have helped to earn, she will buy — *a new blue calico dress!*

Four years ago, when she was only six years old, Winona helped her brother Cherokee and her father plant the big, brown seeds. She was very careful to put just three seeds in each hill.

Her quick, dark eyes saw the first slender sprouts which peeped out into the sunshine.

Her hands tended the little, tender plants. She watched them grow into small shrubs, covered with bright green leaves, and looking, she thought, like tiny orange trees.

Soon they were as high as her head.

Then she had to reach up to the very tips of her brown toes to touch the top boughs.



CACAO PLANT.

Now, these small cacao-plants have grown into tall trees waving their bright branches far above little Winona's head.

They look something like big, overgrown lilac bushes.

This year Cherokee showed Winona the first fruit on her trees. This queer cacao-fruit does not grow at the ends of the twigs like peaches and plums and pears, but nestles close to the trunk of the tree itself, or lies on the big branches.

Great piles of the ripened fruit lie on the ground under the trees. From one pile to another, go Cherokee and Winona, filling the big bags which Cherokee carries on his back.

It is the oddest fruit, looking like a small squash or a big, ripe cucumber. It is something the color of a lemon, and has fine red streaks running zig-zag around it.

It has a tough skin. Inside this skin is a thick white pulp. And tucked safely

away in each of these warm, white cradles, are about thirty dark brown seeds.

When the fruit is all gathered, these seeds are washed out. Then they are dried in the sun.

After a long, long time — it seems to Winona — comes the day when she and her brother are to go to the city. Away they float — she and Cherokee and the big bag of cacao — in a swift canoe toward the city.

Cherokee wears a white cotton shirt and white trousers. The weather is so warm, he will not need his poncho. A poncho is what Cherokee wears for an overcoat.

It is as big as a bed-blanket, and Cherokee puts it on by sticking his head through a hole in the center.

Winona wears a short, bright cotton

gown and a straw hat. She sits in the end of the canoe. She watches the monkeys which make faces at her from the branches of the trees.

Pretty parrots whistle and laugh on the shores. Alligators swim lazily away in the shadows.

By and by the canoe glides out of the great forest and comes to a queer little village. It is flooded from the long, heavy rains.

The people are living, now, in the second stories of their houses. The streets are filled with water, and the little canoes are paddled by dusky Indian boys.

Winona sees one canoe filled with children. They get out of their boat and crawl up a ladder to the second floor of their school-house.

One little fellow drops his book and it floats off down the street.

In one of the small houses, Cherokee and Winona stop for dinner. They sit on blocks of wood. The floor is made of bamboo poles and the cracks are so wide that Winona can see the river running below them.

In one corner of the room is a small box of charcoal, over which the dinner is cooked in a big, clay kettle.

They have sweet potatoes, some beef dried in the sun, stewed rice and boiled bananas.

In the city everything seems new and strange to Winona. She keeps very close to Cherokee.

She sees groups of pretty Spanish girls. Each one wears a black shawl around her



shoulders, with one corner brought up over her dark hair.

She sees Indians from the country. She makes friends with one little Indian girl, who is selling pine-apples, and who combs her straight black hair while she waits for customers.

Near by, is a little naked baby. He has helped himself to one of the big, juicy oranges in his mother's stall. Now he rolls in the gutter just out of her reach, sucking his orange and crowing happily.

Never before has Winona seen so many donkeys. There is one coming now. He has two great boxes strapped on his back. He belongs to one of the bakers. The baker's son is selling crisp, brown loaves of bread from door to door.

The donkey wears a string of big bells,

which jangle—jangle—jangle as he pokes his way through the crowd.

His face is very sober and his great ears flap slowly. He seems very much dressed up.

About each of his legs is tied a piece of bright cotton cloth. A broad band of the same passes around his body.

Winona thinks the little black-eyed driver has dressed up the poor old donkey in trousers and belt just to make him look funny.

But Cherokee tells her that the donkey wears his queer clothes to keep him from the bites of the big gnats and flies.

Cherokee stops to watch some workmen who are building a house. The frame-work is up and the men are nailing bamboo laths to it. This is covered with plaster.

All the beams and rafters are made in

pieces and spliced together. The houses are all built in this way. So, when a great earthquake shakes the ground under them, they sway and rock, but do not fall.

There is no window in the house. Holes in the wall let in all the hot air and blazing sunshine that the family will want.

There is no chimney, no stove-pipe, no furnace, no heating-stove anywhere in the city. For this great city lies in the hottest part of the great hot belt.

Cherokee sells his cacao-seeds. Then they hurry to one of the big stores to buy the new dress.

The store is like a big tent. Bright-colored awnings are stretched overhead. The goods are piled upon the floors. There are piles and piles of red and blue and green calico. Winona chooses one of

the brightest of all the bright blue pieces.
It is a very happy little girl who floats
away up the dark river. She keeps time
to the dip of Cherokee's oars with a
drowsy little song.

Down o'er the milky way,
Through meadows of sparkling blue,
Floateth the fairy of sleep — so they say —
In her little white birch canoe.

Down o'er the milky way,
Dip, dip,
In her little white birch canoe.

Dipping her dripping oar,
As softly she croons and coos,
Swift as an arrow to Dreamland's bright shore,
She paddles each sleepy pappoose,
Dipping her dripping oar,
Drip, drip,
She paddles each sleepy pappoose.

By and by she falls sound asleep to dream
of the little home under the lemon-trees
and of the great, green cacao plantations.

But she does not know — this little

Indian girl — what becomes of the millions of dark-brown seeds that are carried every year to the cities from the cacao countries of South America.

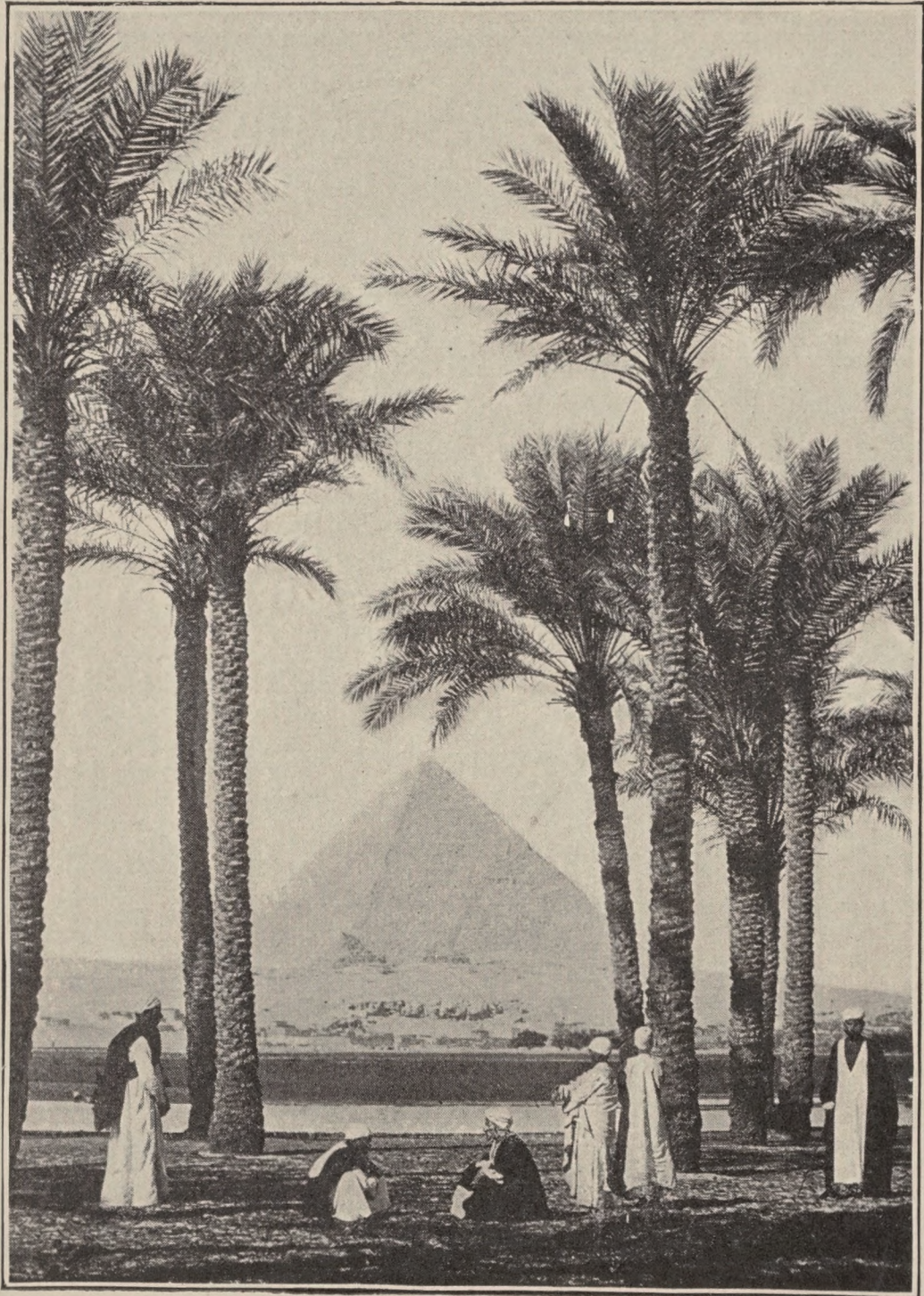
Like the coffee-beans and the tea-leaves, they will go to great factories. There they will have their dark-brown coats taken off.

Inside these coats is a soft, oily meal. From the outside husks, or hulls, of these cacao-seeds, comes our cocoa. From the rich meal, is made our rich, dark chocolate.

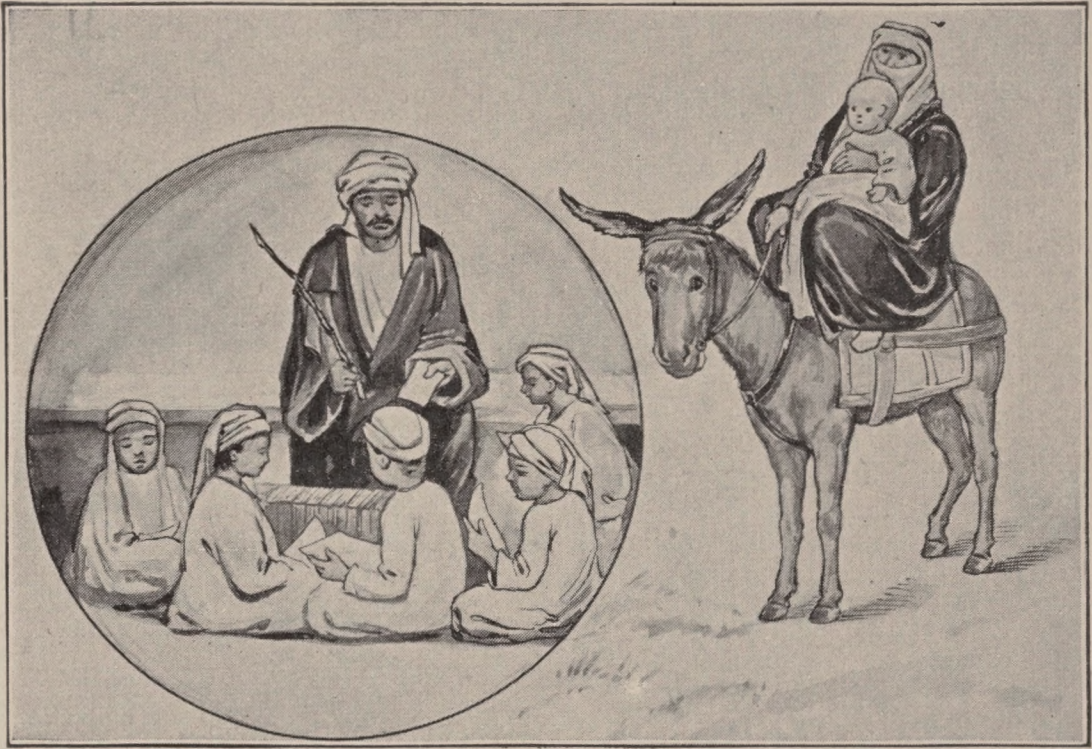
SONG OF THE LITTLE NORTH AMERICAN GIRL.

My papa drinks his coffee,
My mamma drinks her tea,
My sister sips her cocoa sweet,
But *milk's* the drink for me.

They drink their *healths* in coffee,
In cocoa and in tea,
But good old Brindle's creamy milk
Brings *health* for you and me.



PALM TREES.



AN ARAB SCHOOL.

ARABIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

THE LAND OF DATES.

SONG OF THE LITTLE SAILORS.

(AIR: "Upidee.")

Oh, we are jolly little Tars,
Sing heigh-oh, sing heigh-oh;
Above us float the Stripes and Stars —
Sing heigh-oh, sing heigh-oh;
On board our ship, "United States,"
We sail to find the Land of Dates.

Chorus.

Sunbeams glow and breezes blow,
Sing heigh-oh, sing heigh-oh;
Sailing, sailing, on we go
To the Land of Dates.

A dash of foam, a flash of sails,
Sing heigh-oh, sing heigh-oh;
Oh, what care we for passing gales —
Sing heigh-oh, sing heigh-oh;
O'er stormy seas, through silvery straits,
We sail to find the Land of Dates.

Chorus.

Little Zahara is sound asleep. From the clear, tropic skies, the stars smile down upon her. They twinkle — twinkle — twinkle — all the long, still night.

Zahara sleeps very cozily in her queer, rocking bed. Is it a cradle? Or, a hammock?

The little girl's bed is the back of a camel. While she sleeps and dreams, her queer horse travels swiftly on and

on over the sands of the great Arabian desert.

The stars, big and bright,
Drop their ladders of light,
They reach from the sky to the deep sand.
The moon's lamp of pearl
Lights a little brown girl
On her winding way upward to Sleep-land.

Up and down from the sky,
Sleep-fairies steal by
On sandals — as soft as a calm breeze —
They drop a wee dream
Of a glad, gurgling stream
And a tiny tent under the palm trees.

How still the night is! There are no hoarse frogs to croak. There are no katydids to call back and forth. There is nothing stirring save the long line of camels.

By and by the golden stars begin to grow pale. Whiter and whiter they grow as the sky grows brighter and brighter.

Suddenly, a hundred little fiery flames

flash up in the east. Then, out blazes the great, burning sun. How the crisp sand sparkles in the light.

There is no sleepy robin to chirp "Good Morning" to little Zahara. But one of the roguish, rosy sunbeams runs across the sand and peeps down into her little brown face.

She winks and blinks. She opens a pair of bright dark eyes. She stretches and yawns and straightens herself on her high, humpy seat.

She bends over and speaks to her camel. He blinks his long lashes and looks as well pleased as a camel can. He has long brown fur. He has wide feet that do not sink into the sand. Zahara is very fond of him.

Far ahead of Zahara rides her father. He wears a long black and white cloak

made of goat's hair. On his head is a gay yellow silk handkerchief. It is tied on by a band of tightly twisted hair.

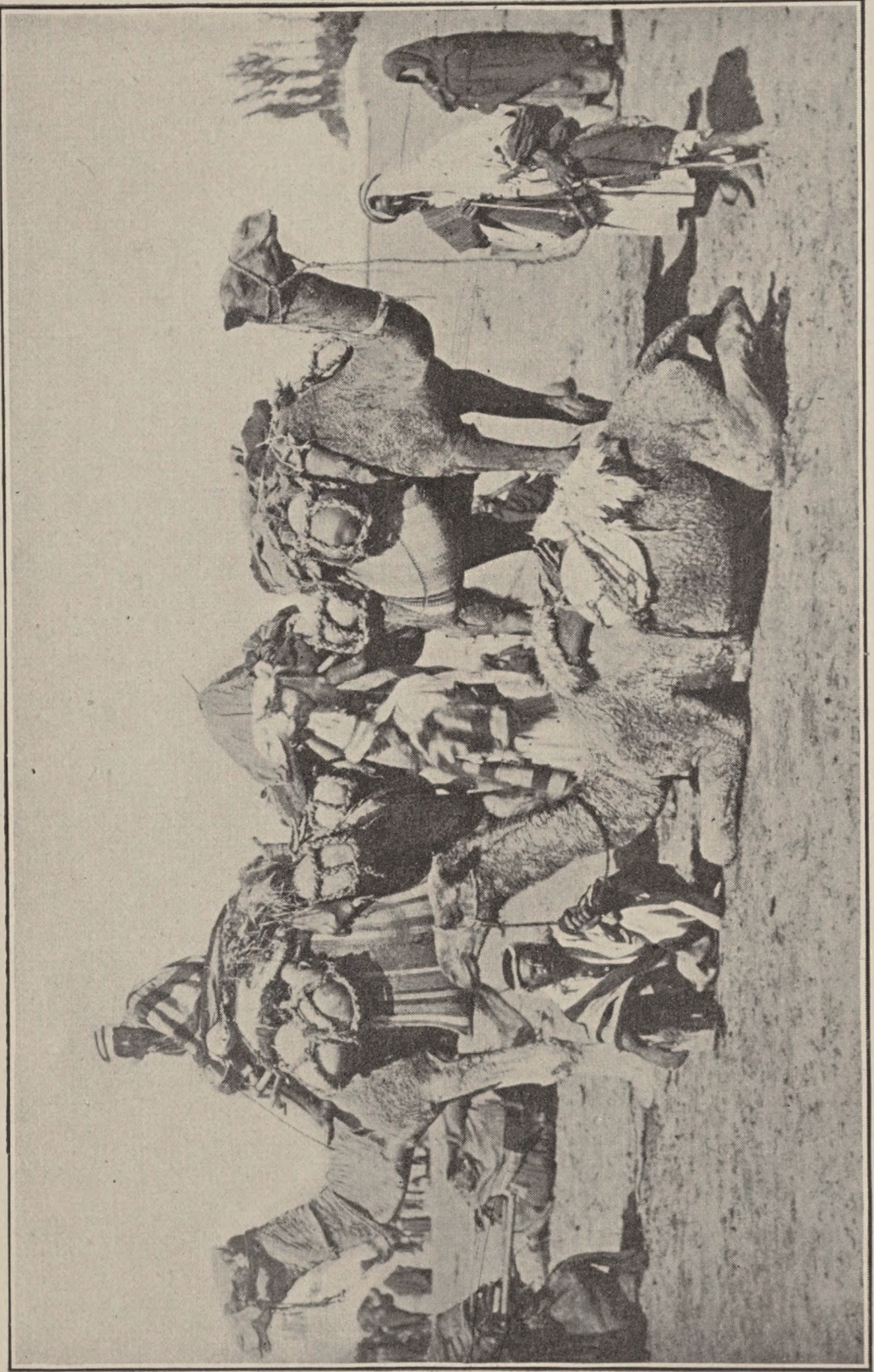
His feet are covered with sandals. He rides a handsome black horse.

How heavily all the camels are loaded. One carries the poles and cloth of Zahara's little tent-home. On another are piles of cushions and mats.

Some of the camels carry stout bags of camel's skin. These bags are filled with dried dates, or water, or camel's milk.

In front of Zahara rides her mother and baby sister. The baby does not travel in her mother's arms, but in a strong sack which swings at the camel's side.

Higher and higher climbs the sun. Zahara shades her eyes and looks out over the desert. There is nothing to see but



CARAVAN.

miles and miles of dazzling sunshine and sand.

Oh, yes, there is! Zahara's keen eyes see some small moving specks, clear and black; like shadow-pictures, against the blue sky.

It is another long line of camels and horses—another great caravan crossing the desert.

As the caravan comes near, Zahara's father rides forward to meet it. The strangers are Arabian merchants in bright robes and turbans.

One after another they take her father's hand. They do not shake it and say "How do you do?" Instead each man lifts it to his lips and forehead and says, "Peace be with you!"

Such beautiful goods as these merchants

have for sale. There are thick, soft carpets and rich cloth of all colors. There are bright shawls, edged with heavy gold fringe for turbans.

There are spices and gums and perfumes, which fill the hot air with fragrance. There are pearls and ivory. There are palm-leaf fans and ostrich feathers. There is shining leather—red and green and blue and purple.

To-day, Zahara does not see any of these things. For in the caravan is a little boy. He has bright, black eyes and black hair. He rides upon a big, white camel.

Zahara has never had a playmate—except the baby—in all her little life. She peeps shyly at the boy from under her pretty white turban.

He climbs down from the camel and

plays in the sand. He builds something — what can it be?

Zahara steals nearer and nearer. Ninus looks up and smiles at her. He shows two pretty rows of teeth as white as pearls.

Ninus is an Arab boy. He has always lived in a small Arabian town. Now, he is crossing the desert, with his father and mother. They are going to a new home in a far-off land.

He is building a small village of sand. He makes many little, low houses with flat roofs. He lays out narrow streets. He puts rows of shops around a market-place.

Then he builds a low wall of sand around the whole town. This is the way the towns of Arabia are built. In the real towns, the houses are of sun-burned brick.



AN ARAB SCHOOL.

Ninus tells Zahara which of the piles of sand he means for his own little home. Then he tells her where he went to school.

“Did you ever go to school?” asks Ninus. Zahara has never heard of a school. So Ninus tells her how the little Arab boys go to school and learn to read big books.

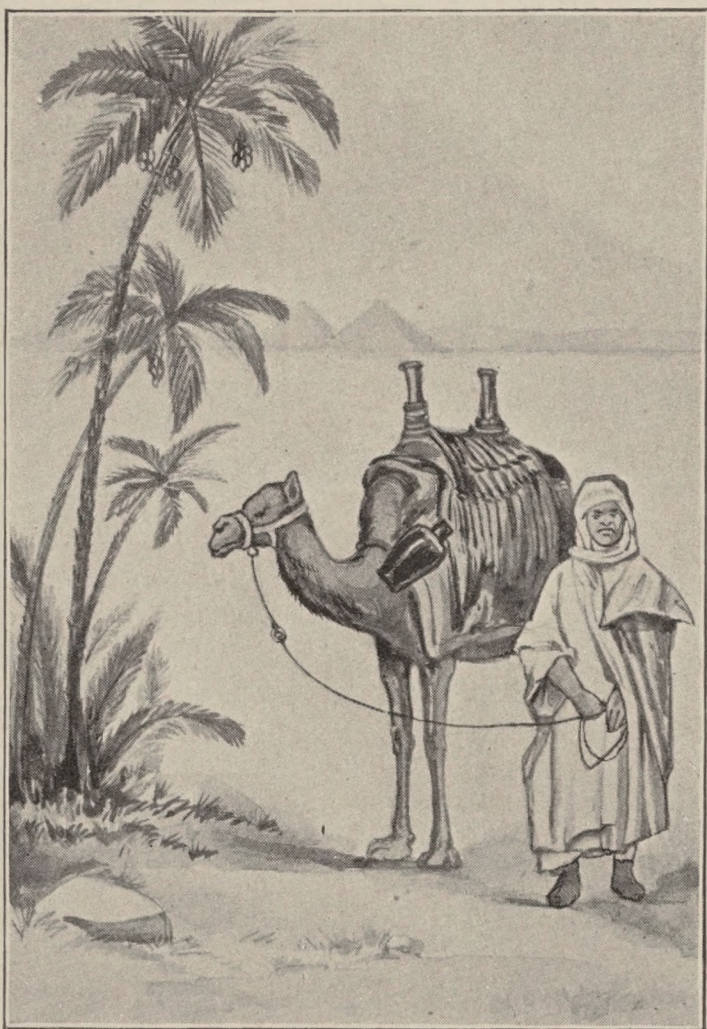
“If I had some leaves,” Ninus says, “I would set out some date-palms in my sand village.”

Then he tells her of the beautiful green valleys, filled with beautiful green flowers, where the date-palms grow.

Zahara knows all about the tall, slender date-palms, with their feathery leaves breaking out at the top like big, green fans.

She has often seen the bright blossoms, too, growing out from the trunk between

the leaves. She knows how the date-flowers fade and fall, leaving behind them clusters of sweet, crimson berries.



DATE-PALM IN THE DESERT.

Ninus tells her something new about dates. Far away from the great desert, in the rich valleys of his old home, hundreds

of Arabs are busy picking the red, ripe fruit.

After the fruit is gathered, it is made into thick masses, or cakes. This is done by packing or pressing it into flat baskets. Each basket, full of pressed dates, weighs about two hundred pounds.

These baskets of dates are sent across the ocean to countries where there are no dates.

No dates ! What *do* the children eat? Zahara wonders. She has always had dates to eat. Sometimes fresh from the tall trees — sweet and delicious. Sometimes on the sandy desert, hard and dry. She eats date-cakes, too, and drinks a kind of coffee made from grinding and steeping the date-stones.

She is very sorry when Ninus goes

away on his white camel. She would like to hear more stories of the village boys and girls whose lives are so different from her own.

Her father has bought his little girl a pair of beautiful gold bracelets which she clasps on her bare, brown arms. There are some tiny anklets for the baby. There is a gay red shawl for her mother. Her father has paid for these goods with bags of salt and dates.

At noon the tents are set up in the sand. The whole company rests in their shelter until the fierce heat of the day is over.

By and by the great sun drops, like a big ball of fire, down below the rim of the desert. Then Zahara's camel is brought to her. He kneels down, and the little girl clambers up to her high seat.

Then away they go, traveling all night under the quiet stars.

The next morning one of the servants brings in from the desert five ostrich eggs. Each egg will make a meal for six people.

The ostrich is a funny bird. The mother-bird does not sit on her eggs to keep them warm. She hides them in hollows of hot sand. The great tropic sun hatches out the baby-birds.

The ostrich has long, slim legs and short wings. He can run faster than the fleetest horse. While his legs carry him along over the sand, he spreads his wings, too. So he seems to be running and flying at the same time.

When the poor bird is tired, he sticks his head into the sand. He thinks because he can see no one, that no one can see him.

In this way he is caught. The ostrich is hunted for his beautiful curly feathers.

On and on and on, goes the long caravan, stopping only from noon until sunset each day.

One morning when the sun comes up, Zahara sees something which sets her little heart beating gladly. She claps her hands, and calls, "The palms! The palms!"

There, against the rosy sky, stands a group of tall, feathery palms. She knows well what they mean. Those beautiful date trees tell the tired little maid a story of green grass, long shadows, and a cheery little stream bubbling up — cool and sparkling.

In an hour they come into the safe, still shelter of the friendly palms. Close by, they hear the clear, low murmur of rippling

water. This little green island in the great sea of sand is Zahara's new home.

How glad she is to climb down from the back of her faithful camel. All the tired beasts are watered. Then the tents are set up.

Zahara brings a drink of the cold, clear water to the tired, black horse. While he drinks, she strokes his satiny neck. Then she gives him a handful of crisp, tender grass and some fresh dates.

His hoofs are oiled, so that the coarse sand will not harm them. Then he is led to rest in the tent of his master.

He is a great pet. He has never worn a bridle. His master rides him with a halter, and guides him with his knee. Nowhere in all the world is the horse so loved and cared for as in Arabia.

Zahara's tent-home is cool and cozy. All day long she sleeps on her pretty mat. In the twilight she comes out into the fresh air.

Her father is eating his dinner. He has cakes of wheat-flour which he eats with butter made of goat's milk. Then he has date-cakes. They are so hard that they are cut into pieces with a hatchet. To-night, he has, also, fresh dates and warm goat's milk.

When he has finished, Zahara and her mother eat their meal.

Then Zahara curls up on her little mat. Her father smokes a long pipe. Her mother sings to the baby who rolls in the sand.

The goats and camels graze quietly, near by. The stars peep down through the tall palms. Little Zahara's dream

Of a glad gurgling stream
And a tiny tent under the palm-trees
has come true at last.

But well she knows that in a few weeks,
the fierce heat will have dried up the little
spring. The camels and goats will have
eaten all the fresh, crisp grass.

Then down will come the tents. The
camels will be loaded, and away Zahara
will go again — jogging on camel-back
across the parched sand in search of other
streams and other date-trees.

She could not tell how many homes she
has already had. She is as happy in one
as in another.

She can never be homesick — this little
girl of the desert. For to her, the desert
itself, with its sandy floor and starry roof
is home.



MALAY BOY

PEPPER AND NUTMEGS.

Away over the great ocean, lies a group of lovely, lazy islands, called the East Indies.

These sunny islands, miles and miles away, send us some of our finest spices—pepper and nutmeg and cloves.

All around them dash the cool, sparkling, salt sea-waves. On them the trees are always green. The flowers always bud and blossom. The birds sing from sunrise to sunset. It is always summer.

On one of these beautiful islands, in the land of spices and tropical fruits, is Mala's home.

The long, bright day is almost done. A

great cocoanut tree holds its green branches up against the bright, burning sky like a big, feathery fan.

Over this fan peeps the sun's round red face, smiling "good-night" to little Mala.

Mala smiles, too. He is glad that the great hot sun is going out of sight, for a time, behind the tall cocoanut trees.

A gay little breeze comes rippling across the great vineyard. It is cool and fresh and smells of the ocean. He can almost see the yellow sands of the beach as he fills his little lungs full of the crisp saltiness.

All the pretty green vines rustle and shake their thick clusters of bright red berries over his head. And then—all the air is full of a sharp, biting odor. Mala sneezes loud and long, and laughs to hear his mother sneeze, too.

All over the busy vineyard the people stop work to sneeze and wipe their smarting eyes. They are gathering pepper-berries. No wonder they sneeze. No wonder their eyes are often full of tears.

Mala likes to work in the pepper vineyard. Some time, when he is a big man, like his father, he means to have a pepper vineyard for his very own.

He knows just what he will do when that happy sometime comes. First, he will find a large piece of land where the pepper-vines grow wild.

He will cut down most of the trees—not all. Well little Mala knows that the pretty pepper-vines must have something to cling to. So he will leave plenty of trees with coarse, rough bark in his vineyard.

He will cut off their tops and make

them look much like stout poles. He will leave other trees to shade the pepper-vines. For the sun is often too hot for them.



If Mala cannot find just the piece of land he wants for his vineyard, he will clear a large piece, plough it, and set out young pepper-vines. He will place poles for the vines to grow on.

After three years, his pepper-vines will begin to bear. Then, each plant will yield two pounds of pepper every year.

Mala draws a long breath. He wishes he could grow faster. He thinks just how his pepper vineyard will look. There will be beautiful green vines, running and twining from pole to pole.

There will be tiny tendrils twisting and curling and shining in the sun. Among the leaves will hang clusters of berries—red and ripe, like currants.

When two or three berries on each cluster turn red as fire, Mala will gather his pepper-berries. Then his fruit will make the strongest, sharpest pepper.

After the berries are gathered, they must all be dried in the sun. The green ones will turn blacker and harder every day.

At last they will become dried up, wrinkled little peppercorns. When ground, these will sell as black pepper.

With the riper berries, Mala will take great pains. First he will soak them in water, taking off their pretty red coats. Then he will dry them carefully. These light-colored berries will make the finest kind of pepper, called white pepper.

While Mala's thoughts have planted a pepper vineyard, watched it grow, and gathered its first crop of fruit to sell as pepper, his busy brown fingers have been picking the fiery little pepper-berries.

The sun has gone away down the sky, dipping his burning face in the cool, green ocean.

Mala and his father and mother go slowly home through the quiet vineyard.

The father is tall and slender. He holds his head very high. He wears a queer skirt, shaped like a big bag.

When he puts on this skirt, he places it on the floor and steps into it. Then he gives it a quick pull, a turn, and a twist—and there it is fastened tightly in a knot around his waist.

Mala's mother wears a long, loose gown. Beside her trots little Mala. He is a slender little fellow. But he is as strong as a bamboo pole. His bare little body is almost as brown as the big brown coconuts on the trees.

His home is on the edge of the pepper vineyard. It is a poor home—only a tiny hut. Its walls are of sun-baked mud. Its roof is thatched with straw.

The floors are of mud, too. Mala and

his father and mother sit on the floor to eat their supper. Their only dishes are an iron pan and three bowls, or cups, made out of cocoanut shells.

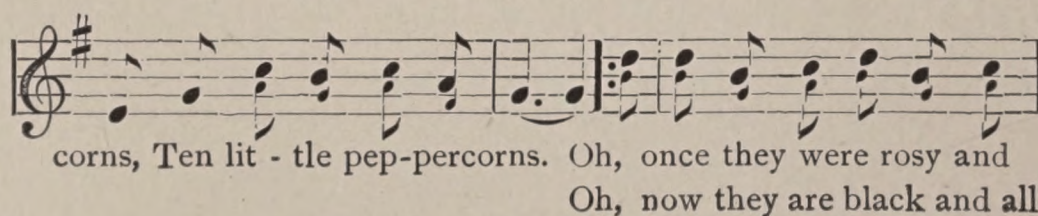
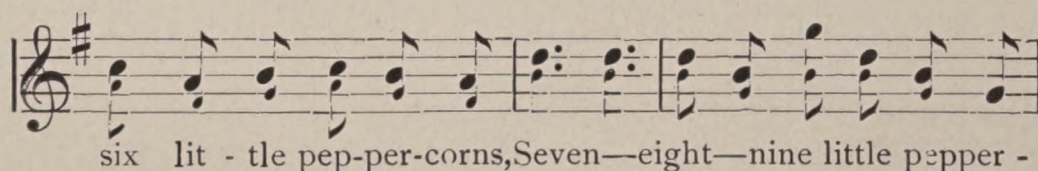
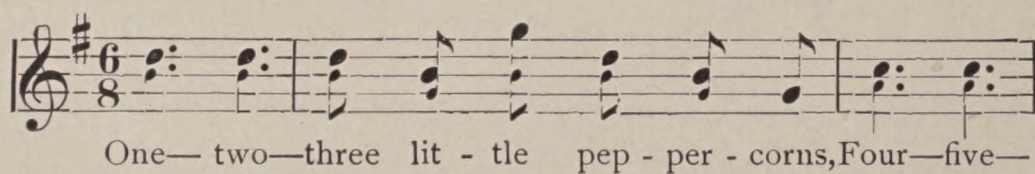


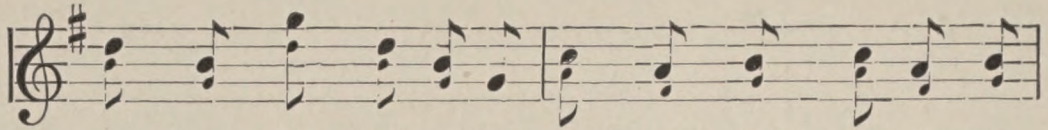
They eat ripe fruit, and drink cool cocoanut milk. The weather is so warm in this tropic island that the people do very little cooking.

Their beds are coarse mats lying on the floor. Mala's father is very poor. He works all day in the pepper vineyard. Sometimes he earns as much as ten cents a day.

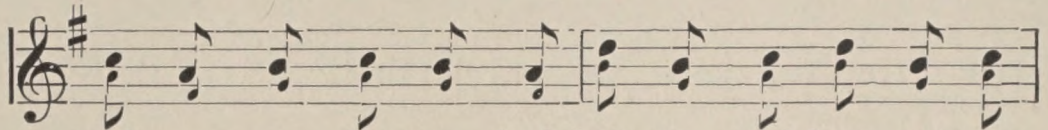
Mala's mother works very hard. Sometimes she digs stones out of the soil. She and Mala can earn only a few cents a day. No wonder the little boy is in a hurry to grow up and own a great vineyard himself.

TEN LITTLE PEPPERCORNS.

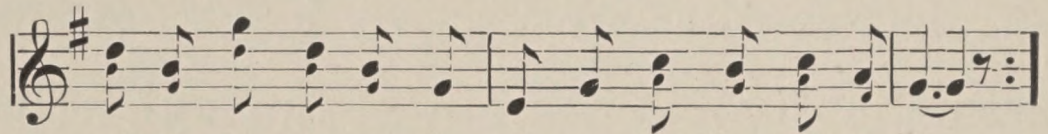




mel - low and mer-ry, The sun burned their cheeks just as
with-ered and wrinkled, But grind them to powder— each



red as a cher - ry, And hot - ter and hot - ter grew
ber - ry so crinkled—They'll make as sharp pepper as



each lit-tle ber-ry To make a fine, hot pepper-corn.
ev - er was sprinkled—These ten lit-tle hot pepper-corns.

To-night Mala's father tells him that they must leave their little home by the pepper vineyard, and go far away to a small island lying out in the great ocean.

Mala is very sorry, at first. For small and poor as the hut is, it has been a happy home—and he loves it.

After a long journey, they come to their new home. It is a small hut near a great grove of trees.

Out in the woods Mala finds many old friends. Gay butterflies, like those he chased in pepper-land, flash by him. Bright blossoms, whose names he knows, lift sweet faces to welcome him. Glad birds sing the same old songs.

Suddenly Mala stops and looks all about him. He takes in long whiffs of the fragrant air. It is heavy with some rare, rich perfume.

The sweet, spicy odor comes from the tall trees all around him. Their green, glossy tops shine far over his head, against the blue sky. Their branches droop low. Some of them sweep against his face.

There in the dark-green leaves, he finds clusters of tiny flowers. They are of a pale yellow color, shaped like little lily-bells, and sweet—oh, so sweet! Mala

buries his hot face in the cool leaves and pretty blossoms to take in all he can of that new delicious fragrance.

Then his quick brown eyes see something else. Among the yellow flowers, hangs round, ripe fruit. It looks delicious. Its soft cheeks are faintly flushed with pink, like a ripe peach.

Up go the little brown hands to pick some of this new fruit. Inside the soft, sweet pulp, is a tiny network of red fibres. Within this net-work is a hard shell. When Mala's bright eyes see this round shell, he laughs all over his little dark face, and says "Nutmegs!"

If the nutmeg trees all about this little brown boy could talk, they would tell him of how they came to be growing on this island—tall and stately and beautiful.

A long time ago, the first nutmeg trees were found only on one group of islands in the great ocean south of Asia.

The Dutch people who claimed these islands, made large sums of money, each year, by selling their fragrant nutmegs. So they grew selfish. They said that none of the seeds and none of the trees should ever be carried anywhere else in all the great world.

When these selfish people said this, they quite forgot that people were not the only living things on these little islands.

They forgot all about the pretty pigeons, which came every day, in great flocks, to eat the ripe fruit of the nutmeg trees.

These pigeons went on eating nutmeg fruit. And, when they spread their soft,

swift wings, and flew over the blue waters to other islands of the sea, they carried in their bills many a tiny nutmeg seed.

These little seeds fell to the earth. The rich soil held them snug and warm. Then the sunbeams and the raindrops coaxed them to put out tiny green sprouts and come up into the great, glad, sunshiny world.

So wherever the seeds had fallen, up came the nutmeg trees. The gentle pigeons had outwitted the selfish people.

Mala hears the soft breeze laughing through the nutmeg trees. But he does not know the story of the nutmeg pigeons. If he did, he would laugh, too.

Nutmeg trees blossom and bear fruit all the whole bright year. In a short time Mala knows as much about picking and

preparing nutmegs as he does about pepper.

Three times a year the nutmegs are gathered—in April, in July, and in November. When the happy harvest time comes, out into the grove goes Mala, with hundreds of other little brown boys, to pick the ripe fruit.

He carries a long bamboo pole. In one end of this pole he has fitted a large, sharp hook. With these poles, the nutmeg fruit is pulled down from the high branches.

The ripe nutmegs split open, and show the brown nuts inside, covered with a queer red network. This red network has a use, as well as the hard nuts. It is taken off, dried, and ground into a yellow powder which is called mace.

Inside the brown nuts, hide the round,
hard seeds or nutmegs.

The nuts are dried over slow fires, until
the nutmegs begin to rattle about inside
the thin shells.

Mala and his mother open the shells
with small mallets. Out roll the precious
nutmegs. They are now ready to be
packed in big cases to start on their long
journey to the United States.

STORY OF THE NUTMEG TREES.

Upon an island, long ago,
Some nutmeg trees were growing,
With golden blossoms all aglow,
And red, ripe nutmegs showing.

The people said, "We'll keep these trees,
For nutmegs bring good prices."
Low laughed the little ocean breeze
Above that isle of spices.

A whir of wings the warm air fills,
A flock of birds comes feeding,
Then—nutmeg seeds hid in their bills—
Up and away they're speeding.

Through dashing foam and spray they fly,
O'er valley, plain, and highland,
The nutmeg seeds drop down and lie
On many a tropic island.

Now, far and near, grow nutmeg trees,
Bearing their precious spices,
Loud laughs the little ocean breeze—
“For nutmegs bring good prices.”

Your secret, sweet, oh, nutmeg tree,
One island could not hold it;
To all the islands of that sea,
The little birds have told it.



JAVA CHILD

IN JAVA.

TEN LITTLE CLOVES.

One little, two little, three little clove-buds,
Four little, five little, six little clove-buds,
Seven little, eight little, nine little clove-buds —
Ten little clove-buds brown.

Ten little, nine little, eight little clove-buds,
Seven little, six little, five little clove-buds,
Four little, three little, two little clove-buds —
One little clove-bud brown.

It was the happiest family. There were four older children in fluffy, red dresses. Then came three smaller ones, each wearing a queer, crimson cap. Next, there were the twins in green. Last of all, was a tiny one in pale yellow.

If you would like to visit this cozy

family, you must sail away across the great ocean. You must land on the island of Java, and travel away from the coast.

By and by, you will come to a great grove of beautiful evergreen trees. They have smooth bark of a soft olive color.

About half way up the trunk the branches begin. They stand out straight and thick, on all sides of the tree. The second row of branches is shorter than the first, the third shorter than the second, and so on, to the top.

These branches are all covered with slender, shining leaves, so that the tall trees look like great green cones.

Up near the top of one of these trees, at the end of one of its broad green boughs, you will find the little family—"at home."

The cozy family is a big cluster of

cloves ! The older children, in red dresses, are the pretty, feathery blossoms. They stand around the edge of the cluster.

The three smaller ones, in bright little



caps, are big clove buds — red as fire. Then, there are twin buds, in green, and a baby bud, in soft yellow, just peeping out into the world.

All about the cluster of cloves are the

leaves of the clove tree. The warm wind blows through them, and they whisper — whisper — whisper.

What do they say? They tell the clove buds and blossoms strange stories of strange people.

Long, long ago, the Chinese found that the queer, red buds of the clove tree were good for something. They were hot and spicy to the taste.

Often, just before a great man made a speech, he held a clove in his mouth. He knew it would leave its pleasing pungent flavor on his tongue. Do you suppose it helped him to make a sharp speech?

Cloves, in those days, were very costly. Sometimes they sold for five, or even seven, dollars a pound. No wonder great kings and bishops were pleased with a

present of a pound of cloves. They kept the precious spice in boxes of rare wood.

Fresh and free blew the wind. It rattled through the stiff palm leaves. It stirred the scented clove leaves. Wind and leaves, together, sang a sweet, low lullaby to the cloves in their happy home.

Little red clove bud,
Your home's in a tree,
It's built all of green leaves,
As bright as can be.
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by,
In all the grove,
There's nothing so sweet
As a sweet little clove.

Down under the clove tree sits a little girl. She hears the wind murmuring through the green leaves. Their song is so soft — so soothing.

Lower and lower sinks the small dark

head. Lower and lower droop the tired lids over the sleepy dark eyes. The little dark maiden is sound asleep.

The wind and the leaves sing on and on. One great star comes out, and smiles down on the little girl asleep under the tall clove tree.

Then, out of the twilight, Mother's voice calls, "Lila, Lila!"

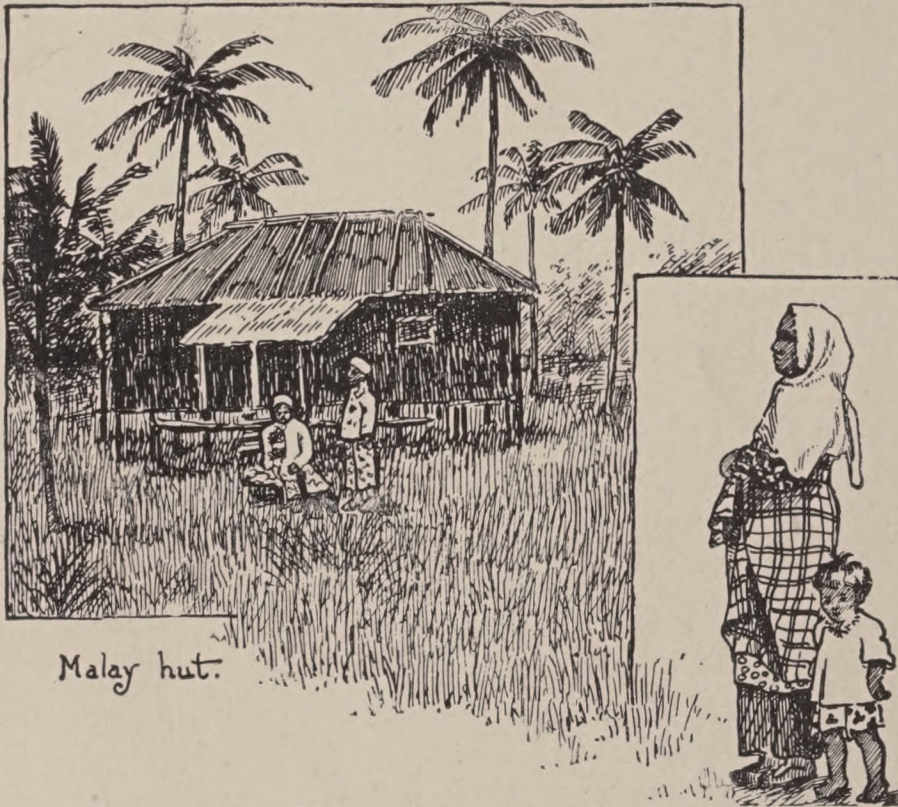
Lila springs up. She runs home as fast as her two bare feet will carry her. Her home is a pretty little hut of bamboo. It is so light and airy, it seems like a big basket. It stands in a grove of cocoanut and banana trees.

Inside the house is as neat and clean as busy fingers can make it.

Dinner is ready. Lila's father and her brothers and sisters are all sitting at the

table. The table is a big braided mat. Lila and her mother sit down on the floor beside the mat.

For dinner, there is a rich soup. It is



Malay hut.

made of birds' nests. Batoe has been away across the broad rice-fields hunting for these strange nests. He pulled them off the rocks where the birds had fastened them.

They are made by a kind of swallow. To-morrow he will carry some of them to the city, near by, to sell them.

After dinner, Lila and her mother sit down in the thick shadows of the banana trees.

There have been black clusters on the trees all day. Now these clusters begin to stir and move. Soon the air is full of flying bats. Their soft, swift wings brush against Lila's hair.

Bats are funny things. Some of these are like tiny mice with wings. Others are so large they are called "flying foxes."

The moon peeps down through the trees. Lila rocks herself to and fro, keeping time to a little Javanese song, something like the one the wind and the leaves sang to the cloves.

Little brown baby,
Your home's of bamboo,
Your chair's made of grasses,
Your cradle is, too.
Hush-a-by, hush-a-by—
Sunshine or shade—
There's nothing so dear
As a dear little maid.

Lila sleeps on a mat of twisted grasses.
It is covered with bright cotton cloth.

At sunrise, she is up and dressed. She
runs out of doors. Her father is pounding
the husks off the rice for breakfast.

Besides boiled rice they have bananas
and cocoanuts. They drink cocoanut milk.

There is much to be done on this sunny
morning. Everyone is busy. Women and
girls hurry by to the great coffee-plantations.

Great loads of rich fruit, coffee-berries,



JAVA GIRL

cacao, sugar-cane, gums, and spices go by on their way to the city markets.

Pretty Javanese women pass. They are going to market, too, to sell dried and grated cocoanut, and other wares. They offer them for sale in pieces of banana-leaves.

Each wears a queer garment, called a sarong. It is a kind of cotton shirt, fastened in a twist about the waist. A broad scarf passes under the arms and crosses the back. In these gay scarfs, knotted loosely over one shoulder, many of the women carry their tiny black-eyed babies.

Little boys ride by on great gray water-buffaloes. Patient faces and keen, dark eyes peep out from under the big bamboo hats. All day long they must keep the big flies from the stupid-looking buffaloes.

They must guide them from one juicy herb or bit of grass to another.

Lila and her mother go to the grove near by to help gather cloves. Only the big buds which have turned red are gathered. They are so sweet—Lila can think of nothing else quite so sweet as the tiny, crimson clove-buds.

She does not know that this rare spicy perfume has a name all its own. It is called aromatic.

At ten o'clock the sun is so hot that all the people stop work for a time. They sit in the shade weaving pretty mats for tables, beds, and chairs.

Lila helps her mother weave. Then she gathers some soft, white down from a tree. She will carry it home to stuff pillows.

By and by she grows thirsty. She

makes a little cup out of a piece of thick banana-leaf. She fastens it with a sharp cactus thorn. From this queer cup she sips sweet cocoanut milk.

At four o'clock all the people—men, women, and children—hurry back to their work. It is a busy island—the little island of Java. For there are always rice and coffee and spices to gather and prepare for the people who live on the other side of the world.

On the way home Lila stops to talk with her friends—the orchids. Fair and frail, they look like bright butterflies poised on slender stems.

There are great thickets of frangipani blossoms, too. They open scented, snowy petals and show their warm, golden hearts to the glad little maid.

What a good world it is—full of flowers and trees and butterflies and birds. And there is home, too—the cozy bamboo-hut under the banana-trees. That is the dearest spot in all the glad, green little island, Lila thinks.

The crimson clove-buds have reached home before her. Lila helps to spread them out to dry. They must dry in the shade as quickly as may be, so that their sharp, biting taste will not be lost.

Then they must all be packed in a kind of matting made out of cocoanut-leaves, and sent away across the ocean to the great world of which little Lila knows nothing.

As they dry, the crimson buds will turn to hard, brown cloves. Each has a tiny head, like a nail. Because they look so

much like little nails they are called cloves. Clove comes from a word which means nail.

The long, slender stem of the clove is really the calyx of the tiny flower. The sharp spikes around the head are the sepals, or leaves of the calyx.

Inside that round head are the folded petals of the little clove-blossoms, which never opened. No wonder cloves are so sweet and spicy. They are nothing at all but the dried buds of fragrant tropic flowers.

When the cloves are spread out in the shade, Lila sits down on her little mat and spins cotton into yarn. By-and-by she will help her mother weave it into cloth. Then mother's swift fingers will make Lila and her sister some new gowns.

While she sits on the ground, singing and spinning, the big golden sun goes away to light the other side of the great world. He leaves behind him, in the warm western sky, long ribbons of pink and pearl and pale purple.

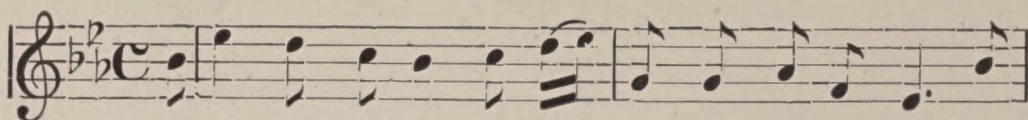
These fade slowly away. The great white stars sparkle in the quiet sky. The soft hush of twilight falls over all the little island. Another long, bright day in Java is over.

Rocked on the lake's soft bosom,
The lotus leaves lie white,
The fragrant frangipani
Folds up her petals bright.

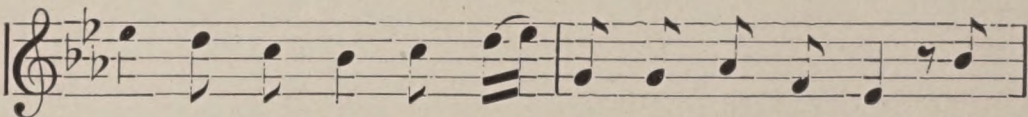
The orchids whisper—whisper—
“Dear little isle, good-night,”
And crimson cloves, in spicy groves,
Echo “Good-night, good-night!”

WHERE CINNAMON GROWS.

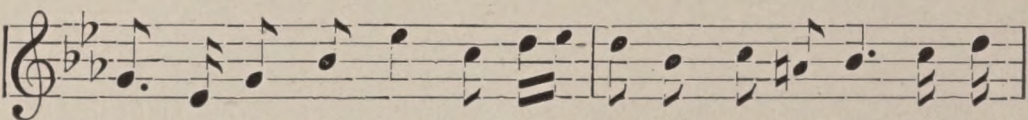
IN CEYLON.



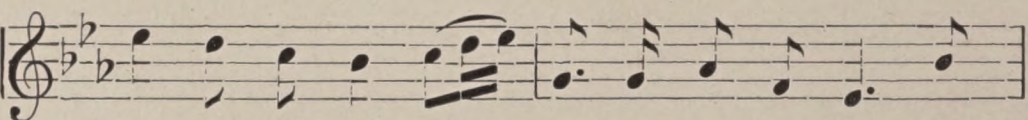
Oh, where and oh, where sails your ship, my jol- ly crew? Oh,
Oh, there boys and girls live in lit - tle, brown clay huts, Oh,



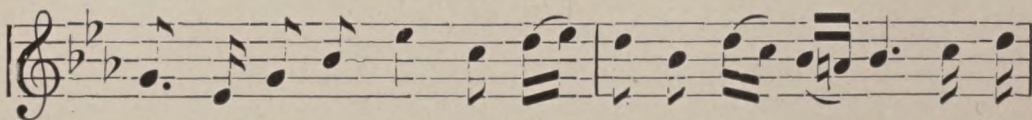
where and oh, where o'er the o - cean, broad and blue? We
there grow the palms hung with big, ripe co - coa nuts, The



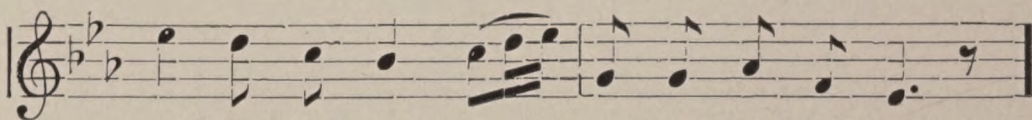
sail to find a land where the warm wind softly blows, The isle
land of pearls and palms, every merry monkey knows The isle



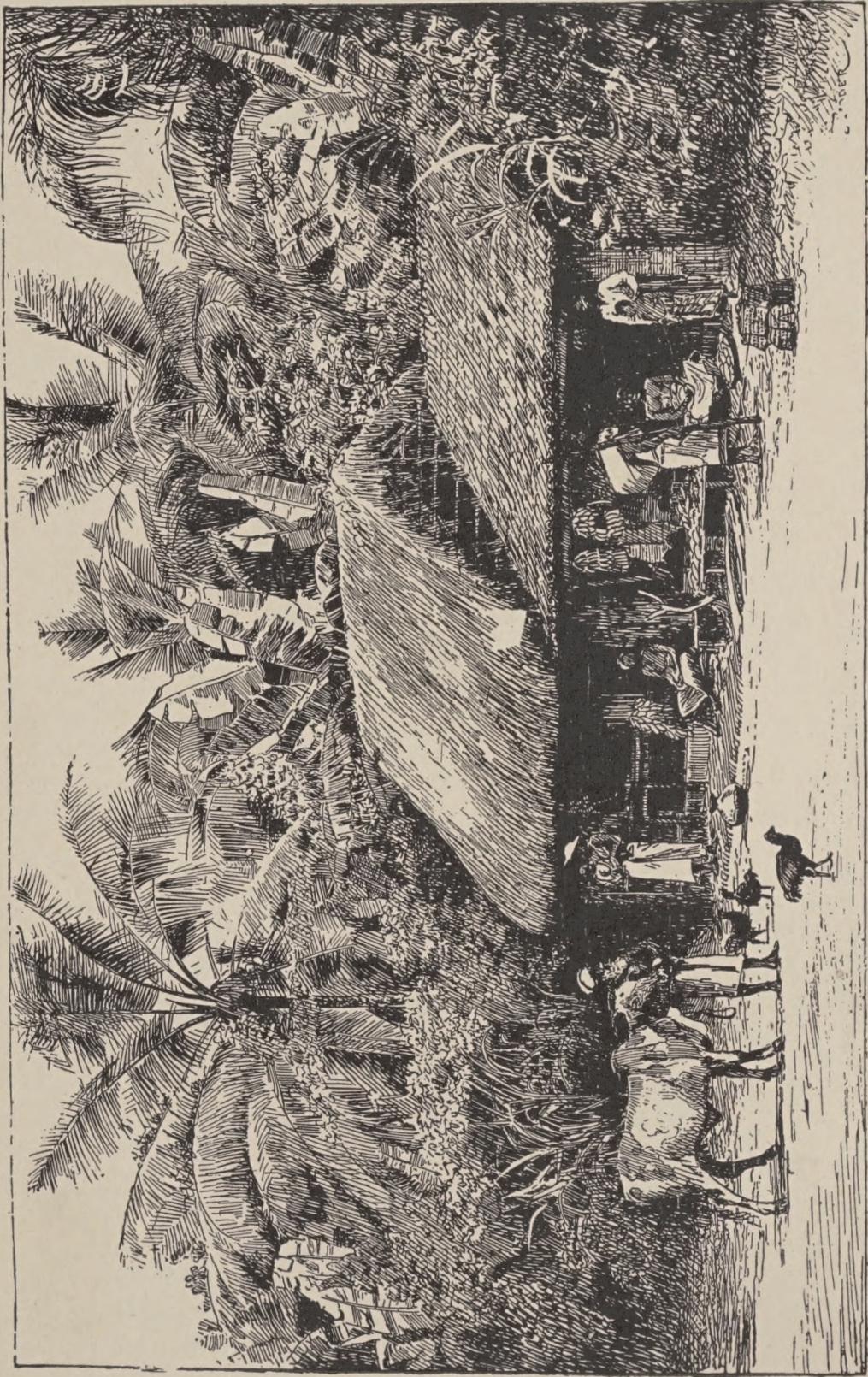
of Cey-lon—where the sweet stick-cinnamon grows. We
of Cey-lon—where the sweet stick-cinnamon grows. The



sail to find a land where the warm wind softly blows, The isle
land of pearls and palms—every merry monkey knows, The isle



of Cey-lon—where the sweet stick-cinnamon grows.
of Cey-lon—where the sweet stick-cinnamon grows.



A SCENE IN CEYLON.

On the other side of our big, beautiful world, on this little island of palms and pearls and spices, lives Bentoe.

It is a warm morning, early in June. Outside his little home, Bentoe is waiting



for the baby. Sometimes, it seems to Bentoe that he is always waiting for the baby.

Here she comes — a little brown bundle in her mother's arms. How her black eyes shine when she sees Bentoe. She

talks to him in her pretty baby way, and holds out two tiny brown hands toward him.

Bentoe's mother is very tall. Her skin and eyes are dark. She has long, heavy black hair, tied in a knot at the back of her head. Over this knot is a large tortoise-shell comb.

This comb is quite low. This means that Bentoe's mother belongs to one of the lower classes, or "castes" of Ceylon. If she was of higher caste, she would wear a high comb.

Mother puts a big, coarse blanket around Baby. Then she swings her over Bentoe's back. The ends of the blanket go over his shoulders, and cross on his breast. He holds an end firmly in each hand.

In this queer carriage Baby goes out for an airing. She puts one little bare foot on each side of Bentoe's waist. Away they go, Bentoe trotting along, Baby bobbing up and down. She looks very happy.

Baby's queer horse carries her out into the pleasant green country. By and by, Bentoe sits down by the side of the road. Baby slips out of her blanket, and toddles about in the shade.

Bentoe looks lazy, lying there on his back with his eyes half closed. But he thinks he is a very busy boy. Isn't he looking after Baby? Isn't he ready to beg of the first passer-by?

Baby is busy, anyway. There are bright blossoms to pull from their stems and a big, blue butterfly to chase. When

Bentoe gets his sleepy, black eyes open wide enough to see anything, both Baby and the butterfly are far away.

Bentoe follows after, calling and calling. But Baby laughs at him over her shoulder and runs on.

Then along the road comes something which makes her change her mind about running away. Back she runs to her brother as fast as ever her tiny feet will take her.

It is a great elephant. On his broad back are piled cushions of gold and crimson silk. On these cushions, under a soft silk sunshade, sits a little girl.

She is riding alone. But there are servants to guide her great, awkward steed. Her father rides close by on horseback.

Bentoe gives one quick look at the fair

face, the laughing blue eyes, the long sunny curls of the little maid.

Then he folds his brown hands across his breast. With coaxing words and winning ways, he begs the little English lady for some money.

Bess smiles down into his eager face. She opens a pretty purse and tosses a silver coin to him, and one to Baby.

“Come with us to the cinnamon gardens,” says her father, “and tell us all you know about cinnamon, and you shall have more money.”

Away they go, little Bess on her great elephant, and Bentoe carrying Baby “pick-a-back,” as before.

By-and-by, they come to a great garden, or park. Broad walks run through it under the tall trees. The fair skies of

Ceylon smile down upon it. The little breezes rush up from the ocean to play in the green branches of the trees.

“What makes it so sweet?” asks Bess, as she and Bentoe run along the path.

“Cinnamon,” says Bentoe, with a little sniff. Bess looks up at the tall, scented cinnamon-trees—some of them five times as tall as she is. She has found the land “where the sweet stick-cinnamon grows.”

She claps her little hands. “It’s better than a fairy-story, Bentoe,” she says, “because it’s really true.”

Bentoe doesn’t know anything about fairy-stories, but he does know about cinnamon. In his own queer little language, he tells Bess how cinnamon grows.

Seven years ago, many of these tall

trees were hidden away inside tiny seeds. Plants grow quickly in the soft air and rich, sandy soil of Ceylon.

Twice a year the cinnamon is gathered, in May and June, and in November. To-day the garden is full of busy people—"peelers," Bentoe calls them.

Ginger comes from the root of the plant, cloves from the buds, nutmeg, allspice, and pepper from the fruit. Cinnamon comes neither from the root, nor the bud, nor the fruit, but from the inside bark of the cinnamon-tree.

Bess soon sees how it is gathered. She watches the swift, skillful peelers pull thin strips of bark from the shoots. Many of these strips are over a yard long. Other men bind the rolls of brown bark into bundles.

After the cinnamon leaves the garden, the rough outside bark is taken off. As the sweet inside bark dries, it becomes a soft gold-brown color, and rolls itself up into the form of a quill.

There is a kind of spice raised in China called Chinese cinnamon. It is made from the bark of the cassia-tree, and tastes much like cinnamon. But it is less costly and pure than the real cinnamon of Ceylon.

As they go away from the garden, Bess tells Bentoe what she knows about cinnamon. She tells how it is bought at home, in a soft, brown powder. She says it must be kept in a tight case or box. If not, it soon loses all its aromatic smell and pungent taste.

Bentoe's eyes grow big as she tells

about the rich, dark loaves of spice-cake, and other delicious things which Ceylon cinnamon helps to make. His mouth waters to taste the round, red cinnamon-drops.

Bess tells him, too, that the garden they have just left, together with many others, belongs to England. That Ceylon, itself, and all the vast country of India, are owned by the little green island of England, miles and miles away.

On each side of the road grow cocoanut-palms, fifty and eighty feet high. Their tops are crowned with dark leaves, three times as long as the children, riding far, far below them.

Bess looks up at them. "There are no palm-trees in England," she says.

Bentoe opens his eyes wide. No palm

trees! What a strange place England must be! Why, how can anyone live without palm trees?



First, there are the great, round nuts which grow under the leaves. Bentoe has helped to gather and pack many of them to send away on the great ships down in the harbor.

Many a delicious lunch has he had from the creamy cocoanut inside the big nut. Many and many a cool drink of its sweet, rich milk.

“Cocoanut *is* delicious,” says Bess, “but we can live without it.”

But the cocoanut-tree has so many other uses. There is no part of it which is not good for something.

Its straight, strong trunk — that makes and rigs small vessels. Sago, too, is made from some parts of the trunk.

From the old leaves, many of the houses and fences of the island are built. When the leaves are young, they are of a soft yellow color. Pretty figures are carved on them, and they are sold in the shops of Ceylon.

From the tough fibers of the leaves are made brooms and brushes. From the nut-



COCOANUT-TREES.

shells, cups and spoons and ladles — the dishes of the Cingalese people. From the outside husks of the nuts, ropes and twine — yes, and carpets, and even mattresses.

The tender flower-buds are sometimes boiled and eaten. From many of them is taken a thin juice. This is the wine of Ceylon, called “toddy.” This toddy is often made into vinegar. Sometimes it is made into a cheap sugar or molasses.

No wonder the people of Ceylon love the noble palm tree. And there are some little birds who love it, too.

These queer birds are fond of the toddy-juice. So they hang their bag-like nests on the palm branches, in among the buds, where they can help themselves to all the toddy they want.

When Bentoe has told Bess about his



CEYLON ELEPHANTS.

good friend, the cocoanut-palm, he tells her how to catch elephants.

Sometimes elephants are caught in a corral. A corral is a large, open place, fenced in with strong stakes. It has two openings.

The elephants go through one of these openings into the corral. They think that they can get out of the other. But they can't. It only leads into a small space, so small that a great elephant cannot turn around in it. So there he is caught.

Another way of catching elephants is with a coil of strong rope. The hunter sees an elephant standing by himself, on the great, grassy plain. The queer beast slowly swings one hind leg to and fro.

The hunter creeps, like a cat, nearer and nearer to the elephant. Suddenly, he throws his coil of rope. A swift swish

through the air, a quick twang as the rope tightens around the elephant's leg—and the great animal is caught.

Away runs the hunter. He twists his end of the rope around a strong tree-trunk. The elephant bellows and roars, but he cannot get away. By-and-by his captors put another noose around another leg.

Bentoe tells Bess about the wonderful, white pearls, and the pearl divers of Ceylon.

When they reach the town, Bess rides away to the broad, beautiful street near the ocean.

Ceylon *is* beautiful with its giant trees, its fragrant spices, and its great, glistening pearls. But down in her little heart Bess loves England best, after all.

Bentoe trots away with Baby, to the

crowded little street over at the other side of the town. He thinks of all that Bess has told him. In all his lazy little life, he has never thought before of the wonderful world beyond the blue water.

But in that world there are no palm-trees—no elephants—*no brown babies!*

After all, there's no place quite so dear to little brown Bentoe as the tiny clay-hut, where mother waits for him at the door.

Home's the best place always— isn't it?

It may be of clay or bamboo,

It may be a hut of leaves,

It may be only a wee, brown nest

Up in the quiet eaves.

Perhaps, it's a cozy cottage,

Or a palace with lofty dome,

Or a tiny tent 'neath the proud palm-trees—

Love makes it "Home, sweet Home!"

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